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SELECT PIECES

OF

Early Popular Poetry:

RE-PUBLISHED PRINCIPALLY

FROM

EARLY PRINTED COPIES,

IN THE

Black Letter.

52737

" I wol do my dilygence
" As ferre as sowneth in to honeste
" To tel you a tale, pe two or thre."
Chaucer's Monk's Prologue.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS;
FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
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1817.

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*that a similar mode of extorting charity was practised in the streets of London as far back as the reign of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. and that his assumed fits were also practised by impostors at the same period. As little probably do the frequenters of the Rose and Crown in St. Giles's, called, in the slang cant of these profligates, the Beggars' Opera, or of the Robin Hood in the same neighbourhood, bethink themselves that three hundred years since the same riot and comparative luxury as are now indulged in at their nocturnal orgies, formed the recreation and enjoyment of their equally vicious [illegible]rs in the Barbican, in Turnmill-street, [illegible]ditch, and behind the Fleet, where not only "an alderman hung in chains" * might occasionally gratified their appetites.*

The particular hospital alluded to by Copland appears to have been that of St. Bartholomew; as the gates of St. Bartholomew's church and of the hospital are in its immediate neighbourhood.

The little poem, which was in Captain Cox's celebrated collection, was only printed once, viz. by R. Copland himself in 4to. without date. The wood cut vignette prefixed to this reprint is a reduced fac simile of that in the title to the original work.

* "A turkey, surrounded with sausages, is thus designated by these merry impostors.—See Minutes of the Evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire into the state of Mendicity, &c.

¶ PROLOGUE

OF

ROBERT COPLAND,

CŌPYLER AND PRYNTER OF THIS BOKE.

To dyspyse poore falke is not my appetite
Nor suche as lyue of veray almes dede,
But myn intent is onely for to wryte
The mysery of suche as lyue in nede,
And all theyr lyfe in ydlenesse dooth lede,
Wherby dooth sue suche incōuenyence,
That they must ende in meschaunt indygence.

¶ Chryst in this worlde ryght pouerte dyd sue,
Gyuyng vs example to folowe that degre,
Saying; *beati pauperes spiritu,*
Beati mites, beati mundo corde:
Blyssed be they, that poore in spyryte be,
And ben clene in herte, and meke therwith all,
For they shall possede the realm celestyall.

¶ They be not poore that haue necessyte,
Except therwith they ben ryght well content;
Nor they be not ryche that haue grete plente,
If that they thynke that they haue competent,
And euer pleased with that God hath them sent,
For surely it is our Lordes ordynaunce,
That eche sholde be pleased with suffysaunce.

¶ That man, that hath more than suffycyent,
With goodes at wyll, and dayly doth encrease,
And euer is bare, hungry, and indygent,
Scrapynge, and snudgynge, without ony cease,
Euer coueytynge, the mynde hath no pease
But lyueth by rapyne, and usury,
And careth not how he cometh therby.

¶ Eke in dystres doynge no benyfyte,
Letyng the poore dye in great mysery,
His neyghbour in pryson dooth not vysyte,
Nor yet forgyue small parcel of duety,
Wery traueylers in the stretes let ly,
The deed bodyes without ony buryall;
His goodes, his god, a man may full well call.

¶ Of suche ryche men recyteth the gospell,
Makyng lykenes of impossybylyte;
Saying, that more easyly a great camell

May passe and go through a nedyl's eye,
Than a ryche man in heuen for to be:
For who so mys useth that God hath hym sent,
With cursed Diues in hell shalbe brent.

¶ These trewāt beggers begging fro place to place,
Nor yet these nedy of all maner facyon,
These apprentyces that do rēne from all grace,
These hyred seruaunts that kepe no condycion,
Nor all that feyne parfyt deuocyon,
Nor many other lyuyng in nede couert,
Though they lacke good, be not poore of hert.

¶ Se ye not dayly of all maner estate,
How in the lawe, they trauers, and coniect;
How neyghbours do fall at anger, and debate;
Twene man, wyfe eke the lyfe imperfect;
The father, and chyld, from quyetnes abiect;
And all for good they make eche other smart,
Which is a sygne they be not poore of hart.

¶ If that our prynce do aske a subsedy
From our ennemyes vs to defend,
Or yf our credytours demaund theyr duety,
To confesse pouerte than we do pretend;
But yf our neyghbour in ought vs offend,
Than we fynd money to play ouerthwart,
Which is a token we be not poore at hart.

V. 54. the word *and* omitted?

¶ How many poore that haue lytell in store,
Is content with his small substaunce!
But euer they grudge, and wysh for more,
To be promoted and haue furtheraunce:
The very beggers for theyr pytaunce,
From bag, and staffe, are lothe for to depart,
Which is a token they be not poore at hart.

¶ Of these two estates there be four degrees:—
A ryche ryche, a poore poore, a ryche poore also,
A poore ryche in all necessytees;
The two can agre, but the other no,
A proud hert, a beggers purs therto,
The ryche purs and the poore spyryt
May well agre, and be in one parfyt.

¶ EXHORTACION OF THE COMPYLER.

¶ I pray all you, which haue ynough with grace,
For the loue of God to do your charyte,
And fro the poore neuer turne your face;
For Chryst sayth, what euer that he be
That to the least of myne dooth in the name of me,
Vnto myself I do accept the dede,
And for rewarde my realme they shall possede.

FINIS.

¶ Here begynneth the casualyte
Of the entraunce in to hospytalyte.

To wryte of Sol in his exaltacyon,
Of his solstyce, or declynacyon,
Or in what sygne, planet, or degre,
As he in course is vsed for to be,
Scorpio, pisces, or sagyttary,
Or whan the moone her way dooth contrary,
Or her eclypse, her wayne, or yet her full,
It were but lost for blockysh braynes dull;
But playnly to say, even as the tyme was,
About a fourtenyght after Halowmas,
I chaunced to come by a certayn spyttell,
Where I thought best to tary a lyttell,
And vnder the porche for to take socour,
To abyde the passyng of a stormy shour;
For it had snowen, and frosen very strong,
With great ysesycles on the eves long,
The sharp north wynd hurled bytterly,
And with blacke cloudes darked was the sky;

Lyke as in wenter some days be naturall
With frost, and rayne, and stormes ouer all.
So styll I stode as chaunced to be,
The porter of the hous stode also by me,
With whome I reasoned of many dyuers thynges
Touchyng the cours of all suche wetherynges:
And as we talked ther gathered at the gate
People as me thought of every poore estate,
With bag and staf, both croked, lame, and blynde,
Scabby and scuruy, pocke eaten flesh and rynde,
Lowsy and scalde, and pylled lyke as apes,
With scantly a rag for to couer theyr shapes,
Brecheles, bare foted, all stynkyng with dyrt,
With M. of tatters, drabblyng to the skyrt,
Boyes, gyrles, and luskysh strong knaues,
Dydderyng and dadderyng, leaning on their staues,
Saying: good mayster, for your moders blessyng,
Gyue vs a halfpeny toward our lodgyng!
The porter sayd, what nede you to craue
That in the spyttell shall your lodgyng haue;
Ye shall be entreated as ye ought to be,
For I am charged that dayly to se,
The systers shall do theyr obseruaunce,
As of the hous is the due ordynaunce.

¶ *Copland.*

Porter, sayd I, Gods blyssyng and our lady
Haue ye for spekyng so curteysly

To these poore folke, and God his soule pardon
That for theyr sake made this foundacyon:
But syr, I pray you, do ye lodge them all
That do aske lodgyng in this hospytall?

¶ *Porter.*

rsoth ye we do all suche folke in take
That do aske lodgyng for our lordes sake;
And in dede it is our custome and vse
Somtyme to take in, and some to refuse.

¶ *Copland.*

han, is it comyn to euery wyght
How they lyue all day, to lye here at nyght?
s losels, myghty beggers, and vacabonds,
And trewands that walke ouer the londs,
Mychers, hedge crepers, fylloks, and luskes,
That all the somer kepe dyches and buskes,
Lowtryng, and wandryng, fro place to place,
And wyll not worke but the bypaths trace,
And lyue with haws, and hunt the blakbery,
And with hedge brekyng make themself mery;
But in wenter they draw to the towne,
And wyll do nothyng but go vp and down,
And all for lodgyng that they haue here by nyght?
Me thynk that therin ye do no ryght,
Nor all suche places of hospytalyte
To comfort people of suche iniquyte.

But, syr, I praye you of your goodnes and fauour,
Tell me which ye leaue, and which ye do socour?
For I haue sene at sondry hospytalles
That many haue lyne dead without the walles,
And for lacke *of socour haue dyed wretchedly;*
Unto your foundacyon I thynke contrary,
Moche people resort here, and haue lodgyng;
But yet I maruell greatly *of one thyng,*
That in the nyght so many lodge without:
For in the whatche whan that we go about,
Under the stalles, in porches, and in doores,
I wote not whither they be theues or hoores.
But surely, euery nyght ther is found
One or other lyeng by the pound,
In the shepe cootes, or in the hey loft,
And at Saynt Barthylmews chyrch doore full ofte,
And euen here alway by this brycke wall
We do them fynd that do bothe chyde and brall,
And lyke as bestes togyder they be throng,
Bothe lame, and seke, and hole them among,
And in many corners wher that we go,
Wherof I wondre greatly why they do so;
But oftymes whan that they vs se,
They do rēne a great deale faster than we.

¶ *Porter.*

Suche folkes be they that we do abiect,
We are not bound to haue to them aspect;

Those be mychers that lyue in trewandyse,
Hospytalyte dooth them alway despyse.

¶ *Copland*

Syr, I pray you, who hath of you relefe?

¶ *Porter*

Forsoth they that be at suche myschefe
That for theyr lyuyng can do no labour,
And haue no frendes to do them socour;
As old people, seke, and impotent,
Poore women in chyldbed haue here easement;
eyke men sore wounded by great vyolence,
And sore men eaten with pockes, and pestylence,
nd honest folke fallen in great pouerte,
By myschaunce, or other infyrmyte;
Vayfaryng men, and maymed souldyours,
Haue theyr relyef in this poore hous of ours;
And all other which we seme good, and playne,
Haue here lodgyng for a nyght or twayne;
Bedred folke, and suche as can not craue,
In these places moost relyef they haue;
And yf they hap within our place to dye,
Than are they buryed well, and honestly;
But not euery vnseke stoborne knaue,
For than we shold ouer many haue.

¶ *Copland.*

How say you by these comyn beggers that crye
Dayly on the worlde, and in the hye wayes lye
At Westmynster and at Saynt Poules,
And in all stretes they syt as desolate soules?
Methynke it, it a very well done dede
With deuocyon suche people to fede

¶ *Porter.*

Where ony gyueth almesse with good entent,
The rewarde can not be nowyse mysspent.

¶ *Copland.*

Ye, but syr, I wyll not lye, by my soule,
As I walked to the chyrche of Saynt Poule,
There sate beggers, on eche syde the way two,
As is seen dayly they be wont to do:
Syr, one there was, a myghty stoburne slaue,
That for the other began to beg and craue.
" Now, mayster, in the way of your good spede,
" To vs all four behold where it is nede;
" And make this farthyng worth a halfpeny,
" For the fyue ioyes of our blyssed lady!
" Now turne agayn for Saynt Erasmus sake!
" And on my bare knees here a vowe I make,
" Our ladyes psalter thre tymes euen now,
" Now turne agayn, as God shall turne to you!

" Now, mayster, do that no man dyd this day,
" On yone poore wretch, that rotteth in the way,
" Now, mayster, for hym that dyed on tre,
" Lete vs not dye for lacke of charyte!"
Thus he prated, as he full well can
Tyll at last an honest seruyng man
Came by the way, and by compassyon
Of his wordes dyd his deuocyon.
Whan he was gone a lytell fro thens,
I sawe the begger pull out xi. pens,
Syeng to his felawes, " Se, what here is;
" Many a knaue haue I called mayster for this:
" Lete vs go dyne, this is a symple day,
" My mayster therwith shall I scantly pay."—
Come these folkes hyther, good mayster porter?

¶ *Porter.*

No, in sothe; this hous is of no such supporter;
They haue houses, and kepe full yll gestyng,
And to thē resorte all the hole offspryng,
In the Berbycan, and in Turnmyll strete,
In Houndesdyche, and behynd the Flete;
And in twenty places mo than there,
Where they make reuell and gaudy chere,
With fyll the pot fyll, and go fyll me the can,
Here is my peny, and I am a gentylman.
And there they oyd, and fyll as dooth a gull,
And whan that they haue theyr heades full,

Than they fall out, and make reuylyng,
And in this wyse make the dronken rekenyng:
" Thou beggerly knaue, bag nor staf hast thou none,
" But as I am fayne dayly to lend the one;
" Thou getest it no more, though it lye and rote,
" Nor my long cloke, nor my new patched cote."
This rule make they euery day and nyght,
Tyll lyke as swyne they lye slepyng vpryght;
Some beggerly churles to whom they resorte,
Be the maynteners of a great sorte
Of myghty lubbers, and haue them in seruyce,
Some iourney men, and some to theyr prentyce,
And they walke to eche market, and fayre,
And to all places where folke do repayre,
By day on styltes, or stoupyng on crowches,
And so dyssymule as fals lewtryng flowches,
With bloody clowtes all about theyr legge,
And playsters on theyr skyn, whan they go beg;
Some countrefayt lepry, and other some
Put sope in theyr mouth to make it scome,
And fall downe as Saynt Cornelys euyll,
These dysceyts they use worse than ony deuyll;
And whan they be in theyr owne company,
They be as hole as eyther you or I:
But at the last, whan sekenes cometh in dede,
Than to the spyttell hous must they come nede.

¶ *Copland.*

Ah, Jesu mercy! what man coud coniect
The mysery of suche a wretched sect!
None honest man;—but yet I you hertyly pray,
Tell me of other that come these way.
Come here ony of these maysterles men,
That euery where do go and ren
That haue serued the kyng beyond the se,
And now that they out of wages be,
They must beg, or els go brybe, and steale?
Methynk it is a great soule heale
To help them, tyll they were pouruayd
Into some seruyce; for yf they were arayd
Some of them were propre men, and tall,
And able to go whyther they shall.

¶ *Porter.*

That is trouth; but they vse one yll thyng,
For they do were souldyers clothyng,
And so beggyng dečeyue folke ouer all,
For they be vacabondes moost in generall,
And wyll abyde no laborous subiection
With honest persones, vnder correction;
For whan they be wery, they wyll reste away,
And perchaūce cary with them what they may;
And so whan a man wold bryng them to thryft,
They wyll hym rob, and fro his good hym lyft.

¶ *Copland.*

Though some so do, they do not all so,
For some myght chaunce well as many one do.

¶ *Porter.*

That is true; but it hath ben seen long agone,
That many haue fared the wors for one;
And of these be two sortes moost comynly,
The one of them lyueth by open beggery.
Ragged, and lowsy, with bag, dysh, and staf,
And euer haunteth among such ryf raf;
One tyme to this spyttell, another to that,
Prolyng, and pochyng to get somwhat,
At euery doore lumpes of bread, or meat;
For yf the staf in his hand ones catche heat
Than farwell labour, and hath suche delyte
That thryft and honesty fro hym is quyte:
And in suche mysery they lyue day by day,
That of very nede they must come this way.

¶ *Copland.*

Of the other now what is theyr estate?

¶ *Porter.*

By my fayth nyghtyngales of Newgate:
These be they that dayly walkes, and jettes,
In theyr hose trussed rounde to theyr dowblettes

And say, good maysters, of your charyte,
Helpe vs poore men that come from the se,
From the Bonauenture we were caste to lande,
God it knowes as poorly as we stande!
And sōtyme they say that they were take in Fraūce,
And had ben there vii. yeres in duraunce;
In Muttrell, in Brest, in Tourney, or Tyrwyn,
In Morlays, in Cleremount, or in Hedyn;
And to 'heyr countrees they haue ferre to gone,
And amonge them all peny haue they none.
Now good mennes bodyes, wyll they say then,
For Goddes sake helpe to kepe vs true men!
Or elles they say, they haue in pryson be,
In Newgat, the Kynges Benche, or Marchalse,
As many true men take by suspecyon,
And were quitte by proclamacyon.
And yf ony axe what countrey men they be?
And lyke your maystershyp of the north, all thre;
Or of Chesshyre, or elles nygh Cornewall,
Or where they lyst, for to gabbe and rayle;
And may perchaunce the one is of London,
The other of Yorke, and the thyrde of Hampton.
And thus they lewter in euery way, and strete,
In townes, and chyrches, where as people mete,
In lanes, and pathes, and at eche crosse way,
There do they prate, bable, lye and praye.

V. 241. *Muttrell—Montreuil. Tyrwyn—Terouenne.*

But yf ye be clenly, and haply come alone,
Your purce and clothynge may fortune to be gone:
But at no dore for brede, drynke, nor potage,
Nor scoules of meate, nor no suche bagage,
They none desyre to put in bagge nor male;
But uery whyte threde to sewe good ale.
And whan they haue goten what they may,
Than to theyr lodgynge they do take theyr way
Into some aley, lane, or blynde hostry,
And to some corner, or hous of bawdry,
Where as ben folke of theyr affynyte,
Brothelles, and other suche as they be;
And there they mete, and make theyr gaudy chere
And put on theyr clothynge, and other gere,
Theyr swerdes, and boclers, and theyr short dagger
And there they reuell as vnthryfty braggers,
With horyble othes swerynge as they were wood,
Armes, nayles, woundes, herte, soule and blood,
Deth, fote, masse, flesshe, bones, lyfe, and body,
With all other wordes of blasphemy,
Bostynge them all in dedes of theyr myschefe;
And thus passe the tyme w^th^ daunce, hore, pipe
thefe,
The hang man shall lede the daunce at the ende,
For none other ways they do not pretende.
And whan that they can gete nothyng by beggyng
To maynteyne suche lyfe they fall to stelyng:

And so this way the come at the last,
Or on the galowes make a tomlyng cast.

¶ *Copland.*

More pyte to se our owne nacyon
For to behaue them on suche facyon.
Surely there is an act of parlyament,
That yf ony strong vacabond be hent,
[illegible] be set in a payre of stockes openly,
Certayn days, with bread and water onely,
[illegible]nd than to be banysht from town to town,
I thynk that act is not yet put down.
[illegible] it were execute as to my reason,
Men shold not se within a lytell season,
[illegible]o many of them, nor ydle slouches,
And myghty beggars wth theyr pokes and crouches;
[illegible]ut they be mayntened by this noughty sect,
That all this land is with them infect;
[illegible]meane these bawdy brybrous knaues,
That lodgeth them, that so powles and shaues.
[illegible] were almes that they were loked on,
For they be wors than ony thefe or felon.
[illegible]ut to our purpose; cometh not this way
Of these rogers, that dayly syng, and pray,
[illegible]With *Ave regina*, or *de profundis*,
Quem terra Ponthus and *Stella maris?*

V. 283. *tomlyng—tumbling.*

At euery doore there they foot, and frydge,
And say they come fro Oxford, or Cambrydge,
And be poore scolers, and haue no maner thyng,
Nor also frendes to kepe them at lernyng;
And so do lewtre for crust and crum
With staffe in hand, and fyst in bosum;
Passyng tyme so, bothe day, and yere,
As in theyr legend I purpose shall appere
An other tyme, after my fantasy.

¶ *Porter.*

Suche folkes of trouth cometh here dayly,
And ought of ryght this hous for to vse
In theyr aege, for they fully do refuse
The tyme of vertuous excercyse,
Wherby they shold vnto honour aryse.

¶ *Copland.*

Syr, yet there is another company
Of the same sect, that lyue more subtylly,
And be in maner as mayster wardayns
To whom these rogers obey as capytayns,
And be named clewners, as I here say.

¶ *Porter.*

By my sothe, all fals harlots be they,
And deceyuers of people ouerall,
In the countree moost of them fynd ye shall;

They say, that they come fro the vnyuersyte,
And in the scoles have taken degree
Of preesthod, but frendes haue they none,
To giue them ony exhybycion;
And how that they forth wold passe
To theyr countree, and syng theyr fyrst masse,
And there pray for theyr benefactours,
And serue God all tymes, and houres.
And so they lewtre in suche rogacyons
Seuen or eyght yeres, walkyng theyr stacyons,
And do but gull, and folow beggery,
Feynyng true doyng by ypocrysy,
As another tyme shalbe shewed playne.
But yet there is of a lyke maner trayne
Of fals brybours, deceytfull and fraudelent,
That among people call themselfs sapyent:
These ryde about in many sondry wyse,
And in straunge aray do themself dysguyse;
Somtyme in maner of a physycyan,
And another tyme as a hethen man,
Contrefaytyng theyr owne tongue, and speche,
And hath a knaue that doth hym Englysh teche,
With, "me non spek Englys by my fayt;
My seruaunt spek you what me sayt"—
And maketh a maner of straunge countenaunce,
With admyracyons his falsnes to auaunce;
And whan he cometh there as he wold be,
Than wyll he feyne merueylous grauyte;

And so chaunceth his hostes or his hoost,
To demaund out of what straunge land, or coost,
Cometh this gentylman? "forsothe, hostesse,
This man was borne in hethenesse,"
Sayth his seruaunt, and is a connyng man,
For all the seuen scyences surely he can;
And is sure in physyk, and palmestry,
In augury, sothsayeng, and vysenamy;
So that he can ryght soone espy
If ony be dysposed to malady,
And therfore, can gyue suche a medycyne,
That maketh all accesses to declyne:
But surely yf it were knowen that he
Shold medle with ony infyrmyte
Of comyn people, he myght gete hym hate,
And lose the fauour of euery great estate;
Howbeit of charyte, yet now and then,
He wyll mynyster his cure on pore men.
No money he taketh, but all for Gods loue,
Which by chaunce ye shall se hym proue.
Than sayth he, "qui speke my hostesse,
Graund malady make a gret excesse;
Dys infant rumpre vng grand postum,
By got he ala mort tuk vnder thum."—
"What sayth he?" sayth the good wyfe:—
"Hostesse, he swereth by his soule and lyfe,
That this chyld is vexed with a bag
In his stomacke, as great as he may wag,

So that or two or thre days come about
It wyll choke hym withouten dout;
But than he sayth, except ye haue his read,
This chyld therwith wyll sodeynly be dead."
"Alas!" sayth she, yf she loue it well,
"Now, swete mayster, gyue me your counsell.
For Gods sake I aske it, and our lady,
And here is twenty shyllyngs by and by."
"Quid est?" sayth he,—"Forsoth she dooth offre
Viginti solidi, pour fournir vostre coffre:
To do your help," sayth this fals seruyture—
"Non, poynt dargent," sayth he, "pardeu ie non cure."
"He wyll no money, hostesse, I you promyt,
For Gods sake he dooth it eche whyt."
Than calleth he anone for his casket,
That scantly is worth a rotten basket,
[redacted] taketh out a powdre of experyence,
[redacted]hat a carte lode is not worth two pence,
[redacted] in a paper he dooth fayre fold it vp,
[redacted]astyng thre days, he byddeth that to sup.
[redacted]n for a space he taketh lycence,
[redacted]od wot as yet he payd for none exspence;
And so departeth, and on the next day
[redacted]ne of his felawes wyll go the same way,
[redacted]olster the matter of his fals bewpere:
[redacted]e sytteth down, and maketh good chere,

Which in lykewyse loketh on the chylde,
Sayeng " that heuenly vyrgyn vndefylde,
Our lady Mary! preserue this chyld now,
For it is seke, hostesse, I tell it you;
For or thre days but our Lorde hym saue,
I ensure you it wylbe in a graue."—
" Good syr," sayth she, " alas, and well away!
Here was a gentylman euen yesterday
That tolde the same accesse, and dysease."
" Hostesse," sayth he, " yf that it wold you please,
What maner man was it? I pray you tell."—
" Good syr," she sayth, " in sothe I know not well;
But Englysh speche in dede he can none,
And is a Jewe his man told vs echone."
" Yea was," sayth he, " I know hym well in dede:
I wolde I had spoke with hym, or he yede.
But hostesse, in faythe, toke he ony thyng?"
" By my trouth," sayth she, " not one farthyng."
" I wote," sayth he, " but I maruell that he wold,
But out of charyte in suche a meane houshold.
Do say so moche, for yf great estates it knewe,
His company than wold they all eschewe."
" Good syr," sayth she, " yet of your gentylnes
Help this poore chylde of this sayd sekenes:
And here is xx. shyllyngs for your payne,
And your exspence for a weke or twayne."

Well, hostesse," sayth he, "I wyll do more than that
For you, but I shall tell you what;
For my labour I aske nothynge at all,
But for the drogges that occupy he shall,
The which be here, and very precyous:
And surely, I wyll neuer out of your hous
Tyll he be hole as eyther you or I."—
Than gooth his knaue to a town to bye
These dragges that be not worth a t—de;
And there they lye at fourtenyght at borde
With these good folkes, and put them to cost;
Bothe meat, and money, clerely haue they lost.
Yet God wote, what waste they made and reuell:
So at the last departeth this Jauell,
With the money, and streyght rydeth he,
Where the thefe his felaw and dyuers others be;
And there they prate, and make theyr auaunt
Of theyr deceytes, and drynk adew taunt.
As they lyue, I pray God them amend,
Or as they be to bryng them to an end:
For the spyttell is not for theyr estate,
Howbeit they come dayly by the gate.

¶ *Copland.*

A shrewde sorte by our lady, and a comberous,
Jesus kepe them out of euery good man's hous!
But [illegible]ometh ony pardoners this way?

¶ *Porter.*

Yea, syr, they be our p̃ctours; and fayn they may:
Chyefly syth theyr fals popery was knowen,
And theyr bullysh indulgence ouerthrowen,
They be all nought, reken eche with other
Subtilte is theyr father, and falshod theyr mother:
For by letters they name them as they be;
P. a Pardoner: Clewner a C:
R. a Roger, A. an Aurium, and a Sapyent, S:—
Thus they know eche other doubtles.
But whan theyr iuggelyng oores do fayle,
They rēne ashore and here stryke sayle.

¶ *Copland.*

By my sothe I am wery to here of theyr lyuyng,
Wherfore I pray you, yf ye be pleasyng,
Tell me shortly of all folke in generall,
That come the hye way to the hospytall.

¶ *Porter.*

It is tedyous, but for your mynde,
As nye as I can, I wyl shew the kynde
Of euery sorte, and which by lykelynes
To the spyttell his way dooth adres.

V. 466. On the correct meaning of the word '*proctor*,' as used in this place, a short, but curious dissertation is to be found in the Archæologia, vol. xviii. p. 9. written by my friend *Mr. Co*[illegible]

But as for ordre, I promyse none to kepe,
For they do come as they were scattered shepe,
Wandryng without eason, rule, or guyde,
And for other lodgyng do not prouyde.
But to our purpose; there cometh in this vyage
They that toward God haue no courage,
And to his worde gyue none advertence;
Eke to father and mother do not reuerence;
They that despyse folke in aduersyte,
They that seke stryfe, and iniquyte,
They that for themself do kepe nothyng,
And suche as hate other in theyr well doyng,
They may be sure, or euer they dye,
Lest they lacke lodgyng, here for to lye.

Preestes and clerkes, that lyue vycyously,
Not caryng how they shold do theyr duty,
Vnruly of maners, and slacke in lernyng,
Euer at the alehous for to syt bybyng,
Neglectyng the obedyence to them dew,
And vnto Chrystes flocke take none auew,
But lyke as wolues, that rauysh the folde,
These people do this ryght way holde.
Yonge heyres that enioy theyr herytage,
Rulyng themself or they come to aege;
Occupyeng vnthryfte company,
Spendyng vp theyr patrymony

Whyles they be yong, and use dyssolute playes;
Of very nede they must come these wayes.
All such people as have lytell to spend,
Wastyng it, tyll it be at an end;
And whan they be seke, and haue nothyng,
Toward the spyttell than they be comyng.
They that haue small londes, and tenements,
Wearyng dayly costly garments,
That at the last they must be fayne
To sell theyr rentes, themself to sustayne,
Whiche is a token of veray experyence
This way for to come by consequence.
Bayllyfs, stuardes, caters and renters,
Paymaysters, credytours and receyuers,
That be neclygent to make rekenyngs,
Delyueryng and trustyng without wrytyngs,
Uncaryng for to rēne in arerage;
By this way they must nede make passage
Landlordes that do no reparacyons,
But leue theyr landes in desolacyons,
Theyr housyng vnkept wynd and water tyght,
Letyng the pryncypals rot doun ryght,
And suffreth theyr tenauntes to renne away;
The way to our hous we can them not denay.
They that sew in the court dayly
For lyttell besynesse, and spendeth largely,
With grete gyftes, and yet theyr labour lost;
This way they come to seke for theyr cost.

Fermours, and other husband men, that be
In grete fermes, and dooth not ouer se
Theyr housbondry, but leteth theyr corne rote,
Theyr hey to must, theyr shepe dye in the cote,
Theyr land vntyld, vndunged, and vnsowen,
Theyr medowes not defenced, and unmowen,
Theyr fruyt to perysh, hangyng on the trees,
Theyr catell scater, and lose theyr hony bees.
All yong heyres, borne in a ryche estate,
And wold lyue styll after the same rate,
Beyng yong brethren of small possybylyte,
Not hauyng wherwith to mayntene such degre,
But make shyftes, and borow ouerall;
Suche trace pryson to be theyr hospytall.
Self wylled people that can not be in rest,
But in the lawe do euer wrythe and wrest,
And wyll not fall to ony agrement,
Tyll in theyr neckes is layd by jugement
The costes and charges, and so are made full bare;
Lodgyng for suche folke we do euer spare.
People that alway wyll be at dystaunce,
And on theyr neyghbours euer take vengeaunce,
Beyng auengyng on euery small wrong;—
From this way they cannot be long.
They that wyl medle in euery man's mater,
And of other folkes dedes dooth alway clatter,
Mayntenyng theyr own sayeng to be true,
And is not beleued; they can not eschue

But they must nedes come hytherward,
For by moche medlyng theyr credence is mard.
Marchaunts that beyond the see bye dere,
And lend it good chepe whan they be here,
And be neuer payed but by the lawe;—
Here haue no beddyng, but lye on the strawe.
They that sell good cheap in despyte,
Lettyng all theyr gaynes for to go quyte,
Byeng ware deare, and sell for a lytell;—
They be uery gestes to lye in our spyttell.
Craftes men that do worke day and nyght,
Havyng great charge, and theyr gaynes lyght,
Wastyng theyr tooles, and can them not renew,
Full well may saye, farwell, good thryft adew!
He that wynneth moche, and whan he hath doone,
With waste, and games, spendeth it soone,
Leavyng not wherwyth agayn to begyn;—
In this hye way he hasteth to ryn.
He that hath a good occupacyon,
And wyll lyue on the courtly facyon,
And to worke, or labour, is wery,
Wenyng for to lyue more easyly;—
Somtyme dooth make an vnthryfty chaunge,
With bag and staf in our parke to raunge.
Rufflers, and masterles men, that cannot werke,
And slepeth by day, and walketh in the derke,
And with delycates gladly doth fede,
Swerynge, and crakynge, an easy lyfe to lede,

With comyn women dayly for to haunt,
Makynge reuell, and drynke a dieu taunt;
Saynge, make we mery as longe as we can,
And drynke a pace, the deuyll pay the malt man,
Wyne was not made for euery haskerde,
But bere and ale for euery dasterde;—
And whan theyr money is gone and spent,
Than this way is moost conuenyent.
Taverners that kepe bawdry, and pollyng,
Marryng wyne with brewyng, and rollyng;
Inholders that lodge hoores and theves,
Seldon theyr getyng ony way preues,
So by reason theyr gaynes be geason,
This way they rēne many a season.
Bakers and brewers, that with musty grayne
Serue theyr customers, must take it agayne,
And many tymes haue they no vtteraunce,
For theyr weyghts and measure is of no substaunce,
And lose bothe theyr credence and good,—
Come this way by all lykelyhood,
For they do infect that shold be man's food.
They that wyll be surety for euery det,
And wyll pay more than they of ryght be set,
For to be named a man lyberall,
And in maner he hath nothynge at all;
Suche folysshe facers whan theyr good is spent,
To the spyttell warde they renne incontynent.

Yonge folke that wedde or they be wyse,
And alway charges on theyr hand dooth ryse,
Hous rent, and chyldren, and euery other thyng,
And can do nothyng for to gete theyr lyuyng,
And haue no frendes them for to sustayne;—
To com this way at last they must be fayne.
They, that sell away theyr rentes, and landes,
And bestoweth it for to be merchandes,
And auentreth tyll them haue all lost,
And turmoyleth alway fro pyler to post,
And euer leseth all that they go about;—
Cometh this way amonge the other rout.
They, that in hope to haue theyr frendes dye,
Wyll do nothynge but lyue wantonly,
Trustynge to haue the treasowr that is left,
But many tymes it is them bereft,
And haue nothyng, and nothynge can do,
Suche come this way with other to.
They, that dooth to other folkes good dede,
And hath themselfe of other folke more nede,
And quencheth the fyre of another place,
And leueth his owne, that is in wors cace;
Whan it is brent, and woteth not where to lye,
To the spyttell than must he nedes hye.
They, that wyll not suffre theyr clothe hole,
But iag, and cut them with many a hole,
And payeth more for makyng than it cost,
Whan it is made the garment is but lost,

Patchyng them with colours lyke a fole,
At last they be ruled after our scole.
They, that do make to moche of theyr wyues,
Suffryng them to be nought of theyr lyues,
Letyng them haue ouermoche of theyr wyll,
Clothyng them better than they can fulfyll,
Letyng them go to feestes, daunces, and plays,
To euery brydale, and do nothyng on days,
And gyueth them all the soueraynte;—
Must needes come this way for they cannot pthe.

¶ *Copland.*

Come hyther ony of these wofull creatures
That be sore wounded, and moche wo endures
With a shrewd wyfe, and is neuer quyet,
Bycause that she wold haue all her dyet,
But bralle and chyde, babble, crye, and fyght,
Euer uncontented bothe day and nyght?

¶ *Porter.*

Come this way, quod a?—Yes, I warraunt you,
Of them alway come this way ynow;
We haue chambres purposely for them,
Or els they shold be lodged in Bedlem.

V. 659. *pthe?*

¶ *Copland.*

Mary, God forbyd it shold be as ye tell!

¶ *Porter.*

By good fayth, the uery deuyll of hell
I trowe to my mynd hath not moche more payne;
One were in a maner as good be slayne;
Fer there is no joye but euer anguysh,
On bothe sydes, they do always languysh;
For the one gooth hyther, and the other thyder,
Bothe they spend, and by nothyng togyder,
So at the last of very necessyte,
Hyther they come to aske lodgyng of me.

¶ *Copland.*

I do knowe it is the ryght facyon,
A realme stryuyng in itself gooth to desolacyon
God amend all, I haue herd what it is:
Tell of some other, I am wery of this.

¶ *Porter.*

All maysters that lete theyr seruaunts play,
Fedyng them deyntyly euery day,
And dooth cloth and pay them as they shold be,
Beyng neclygent theyr worke to ouerse,
Suffryng them waste, and theyr good spyll,
In theyr presence to do theyr lewd wyll;

And all those that pay not theyr hyre,
Vengeaunce of God it dooth desyre,
These on bothe partes do eche other wrong;—
This way they come with a great throng.
All suche servaunts as be neclygent
In theyr seruyce, and wyl not be content
To do theyr werk, but slacke theyr besynes,
Brybe, and conuey, fro mayster and maystres,
Chaungyng maysters, and ren fro town to towne,
And are late rysyng, and betyme lye downe,
Playeng by nyght, and tryflyng by day;—
Of ryghtousnes they do here stay.
Suche folke as take on them great rent,
In soyles for them inconuenyent
Vnto theyr faculte, and often do remeue
Entreprysyng that they cannot acheue;
Loyng curyous labours, and haue small wage;—
Vnto our hous they come for hostage.
They that borow on theyr garments, and napry,
And do not fetche them agayn shortly,
But lete them be worn, and than pay the sōme,
In to our hye way they be far cōme.
They that borow, and purpose not to pay
Tyll in pryson they spend all away,
And do forswere that is theyr dew;
They that lawe for a debt vntrew,
And receyueth money in another mans name,
Not beyng content to restore the same;

They that forget that to them is ought;
They that stryue with all folke for nought;
And they that lend, and set no tyme to pay;
Reason wyll dryue them to come this way.
Old folkes that all theyr goodes do gyue,
Kepyng nothyng wheron to lyue,
And put fro theyr hous whan they haue nede;—
Toward our hous fast do they spede.
They that gyue chyldren money to spend
And causeth them not at theyr byddyng attend,
But dooth mayntene them in theyr lewdnes,
And fro syne wyll them not redres;
In ydle wantonnes suffryng them to be,
Nor teache them vertuous faculte;
Are the cause that whan they be olde
To take the way toward our houshold.
They that euermore haue a delyte
To fede, and make feastes at theyr appetyte
With costly dysshes, and deynty drynke,
Letyng theyr stocke euermore shrynke,
Makyng a great porte, and be lytell worth;—
To come hyther they come streyght forth.
They that takes no hede to theyr houshold,
But lete theyr implements molde,
Theyr hangyngs rot, theyr napery vnclene,
Theyr furres and wollen not ouersene,
Theyr vessell mar, and theyr goodes decay;—
Cannot chuse but nedes come this way.

Lechours, fornycatours, and advouterers,
Incestes, harlots, bawdes, and bolsterers,
Applesquyers, entycers, and rauysshers,
These to our place haue dayly herbegers.

¶ *Copland.*

No marvell of them, and happy they be
If they do and in so honest degre;
For surely theyr endyng is fayrest
If that with pouerte they be suppresst:
For I do fynd wryten of aduoutry
That these fyue sorowes ensueth therby,
Ex istis penis patietur quisquis adulter;
Aut erit hic pauper, hic aut subito morietur,
Aut aliquid membrum casu vulnere perdet,
Aut erit infamis per quod sit carcere vinctus.
Either they shall be poore, or dye sodeynly,
Or lese by wound some membre of the body,
Or to be sclaundred to suffre sharpe pryson,
Therfore pouerte is fayrest by reason.
And yet besyde that they be so beaten
That with great pockes theyr lymmes be eaten.
How say ye by these horryble swerers,
These blasphemers, and these God terers,
Come there ony this way to haue socour?

¶ *Porter.*

Do they? yea, I warraunt euery hour,

All rotten and torne, armes, heades, and legges,
They are the moost sorte that ony where begges,
And be the people that moost anoy us.

¶ *Copland.*

I beleue well, for I fynd wryten thus,
Vir multū iurans replebitur iniquitate, et a domo eius non recedet plaga. Eccles. xxii.
A great swerer is full of iniquyte,
And fro his hous the plage shall neuer be.
In the commaundements is wryten playn,
Thou shalt not take the name of God in vayn;
For who sow dooth vse it customably,
The stroke of God can not eschew truly.
But come none of these slouthfull folkes hyther
That be so vnlusty, so sluggysh and lyther?
That care not how the world dooth go,
Neyther halydays, nor workyng days also,
But lye in bed tyll all masses be doone,
Lewtryng theyr worke tyll it pas noone;
And so enioye to lynger and to slepe,
And to theyr lyuyng they take no maner kepe.

¶ *Porter.*

These folkes come in so great nombre,
That all the ways they do encombre;
And with them dothe come all these folke that spare
To assay theyr frendes, for theyr owne welfare.

But folow theyr owne myndes alway,
Nor to theyr frendes in no wyse wyll obay,
And of theyr promesses they be no more set by;—
But to this way they must them nedes apply.

¶ *Copland.*

And how by these people so full of coucytyse
That all the worldes good can them not suffyse,
But by vsury, rapyne, and extorcyon,
Do poulle the pore folke of theyr porcyon?
And they that invent newes by tyranny
Vpon poore mens landes fraudelently,
And lyke as wolues, the shepe dooth take and tease,
For theyr owne lucre and to lyue in ease,
And day by day in euery maner degre,
They do prolonge theyr iniquite?

¶ *Porter.*

s for with them we haue to do nothyng;
Vnto the lawe it is all belongyng.
How be it yf they chaunce to be poore,
Then often indede they do come by our doore.

¶ *Copland.*

But then I pray you how say ye by these
That breke this precept *non furtum facies*,
Theves, and murtherers, and these watchers of wayes,
That robbe and steale, bothe by nightes and dayes,

And that delyte in murder, and in theft,
Whose condycyons in no wyse can be left;—
Do not they oft tymes come hyther by you?

¶ *Porter.*

Of them there cometh dayly ynow:
But they be led, and comenly fast bounde,
Bycause theyr lodgyng may soner be founde.
And ben conueyed by men of charyte
Where that they haue hospytalyte,
And ben well kept, and wrapped surely,
And whan tyme cometh that they must dye,
They be buryed aloft in the ayre,
Bycause dogs shall not on theyr graues repayre.

¶ *Copland.*

Almyghty Jesu of his mercy defende
Euery good mānes chylde from such an ende!
And how say ye by all these grete dronkardes
That suppe all of by pottes and tankardes,
Tyll they be so dronke that they cannot stande,
That is but lytell used in this lande,
Except it be among Duche folke, or Flemynges;
For Englysshe men knowe not of suche rekēinges.

¶ *Porter.*

No do? yes, yes! I ensure you hardely
They can do it as well as ony body;

With dowble beare, be it wyne or ale,
They ceas not tyll they can tell no ryght tale,
With quyxte quaxte ie brynxte lief brore
An ortkyn, or an half beres by gots more.
Yea, rather than fayle drynke it clene out,
With fyll the pot ones agayn round about;
Gyve us more drynke, for sparyng of bread;
Tyll theyr cuppes be wyser than theyr head:
And so syt they, and spend vp all theyr thryft,
And after come here, they haue no other shyft.

¶ *Copland.*

How say ye by these folkes full of yre
That brēne in wrath hoter than fyre,
And neuer be quyet, but chyde and brall
With wrath, and anger, fretyng hert, and gall;
Wayward, wode, furyous and fell,
For where they be quyetnes cannot dwell;
But alway stryfe, mystrust, and great dysease,
And in no wyse none man can them please?

¶ *Porter.*

Hyther they come, and I wyll tell you why;
None can lyue by thē well, nor quyetly;
But with eche one they fall out, and make bate,
Causyng people them for to hate,
And wyll suffre them to dwell no where,
But are fayne for to remayne here.

¶ *Copland.*

It may well be so, for where is none agre
Neyther thryft, nor welfare cannot be:
But I trust it be not betwene man and wyfe,
Than it were pyte and eke a sory lyfe.
For where is no peas at bed, not at borde,
I reken theyr thryft is not worth a t—de.
But of these people that ben so stout
That in welth and wo bere it so out,
That pryde wyll not suffre them for to fall;—
Methynke this way they come not all?

¶ *Porter.*

O yes, yes! God wote of them be not fewe,
For here all day they assemble in a rewe,
And here they crake, bable, and make grete boste,
And amonge all other wolde rule the roste:
With stande backe, you lewd vylayne, beggerly knaue,
I wyll that thou knowe my wyfe, and I haue
Spent more in a daye with good honeste
Than thou in thy lyfe euer was lyke to be;
For I tell the I haue kept or now suche reporte
That all my neyghtbours dyd to me resorte;
And haue or now kept a grete housholde,
And had ynough of syluer, and of golde.
In all our parysshe was none better decked,
And I thynke scorne for to be thus checked

Of suche lewde persons, that neuer had good;
And eke I am borne of as good a blood
As ony in this towne, and a gentylman;
But yf I had as moche as I wyst whan,
I shold make a meyny of these poore carles to know,
What maner thyng a gentylman is I trowe.

¶ *Copland.*

Lo, here one may se that there is none wors
Than is a proude herte, and a beggers purs,
Grete boost, and small roost; this is euydent,
For a proude hert well never be shent.—
But good porter, I pray you, be so kynde
To tell me of them out of mynde,
As for the enuyous I lete them dwell,
For theyr hospytall is the depe pyt of hell.

¶ *Porter.*

How say ye by this lewd ipocrysy,
That is used so superstycyously?
I cry God mercy, yf I make ony lye
Of them that deuout prayers seme to occupy;
As yf God fro the cros by them shold be vndone,
And syt in the chyrche tyll it be noone,
Neuer speakyng in ony folkes presence,
But it soundeth to vertue, and reuerence;
Yet whan they be moeued to anger and wrath,
I trowe to my mynde that other folke hath

Not half the spyte, vengeaunce, and rygour,
As they wyll have to theyr poore neyghbour.
For some of them yf they myght be a lorde
Wold hang another they be of suche dyscorde.
And where they ones take hatred, or enmyte,
Duryng theyr lyfe haue neuer charyte:
And who that hath no charyte, nor loue,
Can neuer please the Amyte aboue;—
And so this way they be fayne to come.

¶ *Copland.*

I beleue well; for truely there be some
That neyther haue loue to one, nor other;
For I wene yf it were syster or brother,
They wold no more pyte them nor rewe
(They be so fell) than on a thefe or Jewe.
For whan ye thynk to haue them moost in reason,
Than be theyr hertes full of deadly poyson,
And in theyr fury they be so vyolent
That they wyll bryng one to an exegent,
And neuer pardon, nor no man forgyue,
Tyll theyr neyghbour hath nothyng on to lyue;
And so they make by theyr own consyence
Betwene God and the deuyll no dyffrence.—
But hey, alas! do none this way trace
That do take wyues of small effycace,
Which cannot get bestow nor yet saue,
And to go gay they wyll spend, and craue;

Makyng men wene that they loue them alone,
And be full fals unto them echone,
Spendyng theyr goodes without ony care,
Without good gownes, but not of hoodes bare?

¶ *Porter.*

They must come hyther, for they cannot chuse,
For they that wyll themselfe so vse,
The one to gete, and the other spend;
And whan all is brought to an end,
Hether they come to haue conforte,
Syr, I beshrew all the hole sorte;
Suche genyfenyes kepeth many one lowe,
Theyr husbandes must obey as dog to bowe.
Alas! sely men, ye are yll at ease,
These deynty huswyues for to fede and please:
For so they syt and sew half an hour on a clout,
Theyr hole dayes worke is patched out;
And so by theyr tryflyng, and lyuyng nought,
With other means they be hyther brought.

¶ *Copland.*

Well, good Porter, I pray you let them alone,
For happy is he that hath a good one.
I pray you shewe me of other gestes,
For agaynst women I loue no iestes.—
The showre is almoost dene, and I haue for to go;
Come none of these pedlers this way also,

With pak on bak, with their bousy speche,
Jagged and ragged, with broken hose and breche?

¶ *Porter.*

Inow, ynow; "with bousy coue maimed nace
Teare the patryng coue in the darkman cace
Docked the dell for a coper meke
His watch shall feng a prounces nobchete
Cyarum by salmon and thou shalt pek my jere
In thy gan for my watch it is nace gere
For the bene bouse my watch hath a coyn."—
And thus they babble tyll theyr thryft is thyn,
I wote not what with theyr pedlyng frenche,
But out of the spyttle they haue a party stenche,
And with them comes gaderers of cony skynnes,
That chop with laces, poyntes, nedles and pyns,

¶ *Copland.*

Come ony maryners hyther of Cok Lorels bote?

¶ *Porter.*

Euery day they be alway a flote:—
We must them receyue, and gyue them costes fre,
And also with them, the fraternyte
Of vnthryftes, which do our house endewe,
And neuer fayle with brethren alway newe.

Also here is kept, and holden in degre,
With in our hous the ordres viii. tyme thre
Of knaues only; we can them not kepe out,
They swarme so thyke as bees in a rout;
And chyef of all that dooth vs encombre,
The ordre of fooles, that be without nombre;
For dayly they make suche preas and cry,
That scant our hous can them satysfy.

¶ *Copland.*

Yet one thyng I wonder that ye do not tell,
Come there no women this way to dwell?

¶ *Porter.*

Of all the sortes that be spoken of a fore,
I warraunt women ynow in store,
That we are wery of them; euery day
They come so thycke that they stop the way.
The systerhod of drabbes, sluttes, and callets,
Do here resorte, with theyr bags and wallets,
And be parteners of the confrary
Of the maynteners of yll husbandry.

V. 979. There were twenty-five orders of knaves. See them enumerated in the "Fraternitye of Vacabondes, &c. confirmed for ever by Cocke Lorell." 4to. 1575. In this curious little tract Cock Lorell says,

"Some orders of my knaues also
In that barge shall ye finde."

See above, l. 972.

¶ *Copland.*

A lewd sorte is of them of a surety.—
Now, mayster Porter, I thank you hertyly
Of your good talkyng; I must take my leue;
The shoure is done, and it is toward eue;
Another tyme, and at more leaser,
I wyll for you do as great a pleaser.

¶ *Porter.*

There be a M. mo than I can tell,
But at this tyme I byd you farweli.

¶ LENUOY OF THE AUCTOUR.

Go lytell quayre to euery degre,
And on thy mater desyre them to loke,
Desyryng them for to pardon me,
That am so bolde to put them in my boke;
To eschue vyce I the vndertoke,
Dysdeynyng no maner of creature;
I were to blame yf I them forsoke,
None in this world of welth can be sure.

FINIS.

¶ Heer beginneth

THE

Schole House of Women,

WHERIN

EUERY MAN MAY READ A GOODLY PRAISE
OF THE CONDICIONS OF WOMEN.

From the title page of this tract no reader would be led to anticipate a most virulent satire on the fair sex, which however is continued with considerable invention, some learning, and a portion of humour, by the author, through upwards of one hundred and forty seven-lines stanzas.

Towards the middle and end of the 16*th century the abuse of females seems to have been a fruitful subject for the muse, and various poems on a similar topic appear to have given employment to the printers of that day. The work in question was printed by Robert Wyer as well as by John Allde, and, according to Warton, John Kynge also obtained a licence for its publication. Such a multiplication of copies would lead to an inference that its popularity was considerable; though it is doubtful whether the favour shewn to it was so much the result of the truth of the satire, as of the general licentiousness of the age.*

The vein of coarse humour however which pervades the tract, although it might from its partial indelicacy be unsuitable to the taste of the present age, probably was its greatest recommendation to our less scrupulous ancestors. "The writer," who, as Warton says, "was wise enough to suppress his name," would lead us to believe in the commencement of the poem that it was in consequence of a silly panegyric on females that he undertook this

task; but as I am not aware of any work now existing answering to the title he gives it, it is difficult to say whether this be not merely a pretence. At all events, it is clear that the character of the fair sex was not left unprotected against the slander of our author, as two poems (one written expressly in reply to this) are extant, which were composed in their defence.

Edward More, of Hambleden, in Buckinghamshire, wrote a poem in answer to this attack, and which was called, "The Defence of Women, especially English Women, against a Book intituled the Schole House of Women," 4to. 1560. At the time More composed this poem he was under twenty years of age: alluding to which, the historian of our English poetry very justly observes, that "it required no very powerful abilities, either of genius or judgment, to confute such a groundless and malignant invective." It is evident from a part of More's poem that the author of the Schole House was not known. This work of More's is supposed to have supplied one Wm. Heale, "a zealous maintainer of the honor of the female sex," with arguments in reply to a Dr. Gager, who, in his public act at Oxford, had asserted that it was lawful for husbands to beat their wives. *Anthony Wood, speaking of Heale, says, not very gallantly, "He was always esteemed an ingenious man, but weak, as being too much devoted to the female sex."*

One Robert Vaghne also wrote a little poem (of which hereafter) called "A Dyalogue defensyue for Women agaynst malicyous Detractoures," 4to. 1542, supposed by Ritson to have been an answer to the "Schole House of Women."

That the subject of this anonymous poem was not a favourite one with our countrymen alone, appears from an old French poem among the King's MSS. 20 B. XXI. entitled, "un poëme des tourmens de Mariage."

This reprint is from the edition of J. Allde, printed in 1572, and was transcribed from a copy in the Bodleian library, contained in the Selden volume, C. 39.

The Schole House of Women.

The prouerb olde, whoso denieth,
In my conceit doth greatly erre,
Bothe wit and discrescion il he applieth,
That thing of truthe would debarre;
How beit that folke presume so far,
Wherby the truthe is often blamed,
Yet in no wise truthe may be shamed.

¶ A foole of late contriued a book,
And all in praise of the femynie;
Who so taketh labour it to ouer look
Shall prooue all is but flattery;
Pehan, he calleth it: it may wel be,
The pecock is proudest of his faire taile,
And so ar all women of their apparail.

¶ Wherfore, as now in this treatise,
Whatso be said, in rude sentence,
Vertue to increace, and to lay vice,
Is cheef occasion of my pretence;
And where that trueth is, is none offence.
Who so therfore that blameth me,
I say he deemeth wrongfully.
¶ Perchaunce the women take displeasure,
Bycause I rub them on the gall;
To them that good be, paraduenture,
It shall not bee materiall.
The other sorte, no force at all,
Say what they wil, or bendeth the brew,
Them selues shall prooue my sayings true.
¶ Eche other man in generall,
And, namely, those that maried be,
Give euident testimoniall,
Affirming the same if I would ly,
And thus reporte, that feminy
Been euel to please, and wors to trust,
Crabbed and combrous, when them self lust;
¶ Haue tung at large, voice loud and shril,
Of words wounderous passing store,
Stomacke stout, with froward wil,
And, namely, when you touch the sore
With one bare word, or litle more,

V. 27. *brew*—probably *brow*.

They flush and flame as hote as fire,
And swel as a tode for faruent ire.
¶ And when they hear one word that soũdeth
Little against their lewd behauiour,
And twise so muche els, which yᵗ redoundeth
To their high praise, ye maybe sure,
So light of eare they be and sowre,
That of the better they neuer record,
The worse reherce they word by word.
¶ It were much hurt for to discry
The properties all of the feminy kinde;
How be it a man may coniecture ny,
And say also, as experience doth binde,
That very few ther be to finde
But that they can, how so euer the matter stand,
Beare fire and water bothe in one hand.
¶ Enuasions they haue both faint and feeble
Them to excuse of duplicity;
As though they were inuincible
Spotted in any wise to be;
And with othes so craftely,
They shalbe forged on such a ground,
As all things were bothe whole and sound.
¶ And be it ernest, or els in jape,
Lo! to them itis one maner of thing;
Surely nought els they after gape,
But euer more in comming,
To tell a man of his saying;

Reason wil they not attend,
But tel their owne tale to the end.
¶ And for to say moste commonly,
This vice is appropriat to them all;
For let a man to them replye,
In resoning of matters small,
These women be so sensuall,
That be their reason not worth a t—de,
Yet wil the woman haue the last woord.
¶ There may no reason theirs debar,
Nor none example can them conuert,
They study allgate to be at war,
And with euel sawes to be ouerthwart;
Malice is so rooted in their hart,
That seldome a man may of them hear
One good woord in a whole long yeer.
¶ All beit, the number of them be great,
Yet dooth their foly far exceed,
For all is fish that commeth to net;
In case that they of their minde speed,
Brooch, ring, cloth or threed,
Shame haue they none to ter or snatch,
All is their owne that they may catch.
¶ What so it be they finger once,
Of wedded man, or single, plain,
He may as soon eat the adamant stones
As the self same of them to retain;
Much they craue and nought giue again:

As holsome for a man is a womans corse,
As a shoulder of mutton for a sick horse.
¶ And yet we may not them long misse,
For many sundry commodities;
So trick a way they haue to kisse,
With oper mouth and rowling eyes,
Tung to tung disclose theis;
One and other commonly
Haue in such case like propertie,
¶ That hard it were, in mine opinion,
If God him self would company keep,
But they would bring him vpon,
Waking or els a sleep;
Displease them once and then they weep,
By meane wherof sone dooth the cure,
Yung fooles to keep long in vre.
¶ And while the wooing time dooth last,
I meane with them that maidens be,
Loth to displease, looue sure and fast,
Axe what ye wil, and speed may ye;
Few or none for the moste partye,
Gently entreated, deny you can
Within her tables to enter your man.
¶ That doon, they say that ye did make
Promise to them by good assuraunce
Them to mary and to wiues take,
Els had ye not had such daliaunce;
And all is for fear of good vtteraunce:

In case the belly doo not swel,
They holde them pleasd, and all is wel.
¶ Yet must ye be at farther daunger
If ye doo intend to vse them oft;
Keep them bothe at rack and maunger,
Aray them wel, and lay them soft,
Yet shall another man come aloft;
Haue you once turned your eye and back
An other she wil haue to smick and smack.
¶ Perchaunce the belly may rise with all,
Then wil they swere and stare a pace
That thine is it; when it dooth fall,
Be it malary borne or base,
Looke, they say, on thine owne face;
Beholde wel bothe nose and iye,
Nature it self the father wil trye.
¶ An other ther is to singuler grace,
Giuen vnto the babe forthe one,
Or sure it is a meruelous face
That God hath giuen vnto the mone,
For were they xx. they must each one,
Look they straight, either els a shore,
Be like the father lesse and more.
¶ And when they are once waxen small,
And able to ride or els to go,
Unto like act againe they fall,
As who would say you felt no wo;
Yf ye renounce kindnes to sho,

Then must ye send thē to sum straung place,
As good a maid as she before was.
¶ Then if there come a loouer new,
And them appoynt whether to come,
They be like ready vnto the mew,
And to be close from wind and sun,
With litle labour they ar soon wonne;
Not one I warrant you amongs twentye
But she eft soones wil be as redy.
¶ Wed them once, and then adue,
Farwel all trust and huswifery;
Keep their chambers and them self mew,
For straining of their fisnamy,
And in their bed all day doo lye;
Must once or twise euery week,
Fain them self for to be sick.
¶ Send for this, and send for that,
Little or nothing may them please;
Come in, good gossip, and keep me chat,
I trust it shall do me great ease;
Complain of many a sundry disease;
A gossips cup between vs twain
Til we be gotten vp again.
¶ Then must she haue maidens two or three,
That may then gossips together bring;
Set them to labour to blere the eye,

V. 164. *fisnamy—features.*

Them self wil neither wash ne wring,
Bake ne brue, nor any thing,
Sit by the fire, let the maidens trot,
Brew of the best in a halfpeny pot.
¶ Play who wil, the man must labour,
And bring to house all that he may;
The wife again dooth nought but glaiour,
And holde him vp with yea and nay;
But of her cup he shall not assay,
Other she saith it is to thin,
Or els iwis there is nothing in.
¶ And when these gossips are once met,
Of euery tale and new tiding
They bable fast and nothing forget,
They put I warrant between tiding;
Thus learne the yunger of the elders guiding,
Day by day keeping such scooles,
The simple men they make as fooles.
¶ Them selues alway doo make good chere,
With one or other they neuer rest:
Our John shall pay, that is not best,
How say ye, gossip, is it not best?
I beshrew his hart now is he blest;
He beat me, gossip, I may tel you,
That yet I am bothe black and blew.
¶ Thus out it shall, what so it be,
Good or bad, all is one thing,
Who so euer commeth to memory,

Shall nôt he look for the telling,
God wot they make many a leasing;
It dooth their stomacks greatly ease
To serue what may their husbands displease.
¶ The yung complaineth vnto the old,
Somewhat to ease their harts therby;
The elder saith: good gossip, be bolde,
To shew your minde wholy to me;
Fear it not, ye knowe, pardy,
That I haue been bothe olde and yung,
Bothe close and sure of taile and tung.
¶ Then saith the yunger: I may tel you
I am so matched as no woman is,
Of all this night, til the cock crew,
He would not once turn me for to kisse;
Euery night he riseth for to p—sse,
And when he commeth again vnwarme
Dooth turn his a—se into my barme;
¶ Lappeth him self round all about,
And thrusteth me out of my place,
Leueth me scantly one rag or clout
To couer and cast ouer my face;
Ful little maner, gossop, he hase,
The moste vnkindest man haue I
That euer woman laid herby.
¶ And be the day neuer so long
He dooth nothing but chide and brawle
Yea, yea, gossip, the more is my wrong,

Whore and harlot he dooth me call,
And bids me gossip, scrape, and scrall,
And for my liuing labour and swete,
For as of him no peny I get.
¶ I was a curst, or els stark mad,
And when I maried with him vn wise;
I may tel you, I might haue had
Another maner of man then he is:
If I had folowed my freends aduise,
I should haue had a minion,
A man of land, a gentleman.
¶ The deuil, gossip, ought me a shame,
And paid I am now euery peny;
I would God he had been blinde and lame
The day and houre he first wooed me:
Were not, gossip, these children three,
I would not tary, ye may be sure,
Longer with him day ne houre.
¶ Then said the elder: doo as I doo,
Be sharp and quick with him again;
If that hee chide, chide you also,
And for one woord giue him twain,
Keep him short and haue disdain;
He should vse you after such a rate,
Bid him be stil with an euel date.
¶ Cherish your self all that you may,
And draw vnto good company;
Cast not yourself, gossip, away,

Because he playeth the churle with thee;
And by your wil keep him hungry,
And bid him go, when he would game,
Unto his customers: God giue him shame!
¶ Be euer with him at yea and nay,
And by your wil begin the war;
If he would smite, then may you say,
Go to hardely if thou dare;
I beshrew thy hart if thou spare,
All the world shall wunder on thee,
How thou doost wreke thy teen of me.
¶ Because thou hast been at the dise,
And played away all that thou hast,
Or from thy gillots thou couldst not arise,
Of all this day ye sat so fast,
And now God giue the shame at last,
Commest drunken home with a mischeef,
And wouldst be reuenged vpon thy wife.
¶ Better iwis to holde thy hand,
And more for thyne honestye
I had leuer thy neck were in a band,
Then I would take it long of thee,
Trust me, I wil finde remedye;
Smite, and thou dare, I make God auow,
I wil quite it, I wot wel how.
¶ In case there be no remedye,
But that you must haue strokes sad,
Take vp the babe, that then is nye,

Be it wench, or be it lad,
And bid him strike if he be mad;
Smite hardly, and kil thy sonne,
And hang therfore when thou hast doon.
¶ Thus euer among they keep such scnooles,
The yung to drawe after the olde,
Meeting euer vpon their stooles,
Of euery matter that they haue would,
By meane wherof the yung wax bolde;
So that within a month they be
Quarter maister, or more then he.
¶ Truely some men there be
That liue alway in great honour,
And say it goeth by destenye;
To hang or wed, bothe haue but one houre,
And whether it be, I am wel sure,
Hanging is the better of the twain,
Sooner doon, and shorter pain.
¶ On pilgremage then must they go,
To Wilsdon, Barking, or to some hallowes;
Perchaunce be foorth a night or two
On foot, for wearing of horse shooes;
A viage made vnto the stewes,
And neither kneel to stones ne stocks,
But the offring take, with a quick box.
¶ Some time also licence they craue
To be w^t^ some neighbour in the midwiues sted,
And all to the end some other knaue

Shall dub her husband a summer bird,
The trueth is knowen, it can not be hid;
All beit that few men doo him hear,
The cucke singeth all the yeer.
¶ They haue also an other cast
In case the husband be present;
The childe I warrant shalbe bast,
And to her louer therewith sent;
The sely man none euel ment,
Regardeth little or nothing this,
How by the babe she sends her kisse.
¶ And that she would be reconed true,
The matter to cloke more craftely,
Her kinsman call him, I warrant you,
And all to blere the husbands eye;
God wot the blinde eateth many a flye,
So dooth the husband often iwis
Father the childe that is not his.
¶ Trim them self euery day new,
And all to blere the husbands eye;
Plat and plant, and their heres hew,
And all to make it for the eye;
The finest ware that they may bye,
And all that euer they may imagine
Is to allure the masculine.
¶ Plant them round with many a pin,
Ringed for routing of pure golde,
Faire without, and foule within,

And of their tailes haue slipper holde;
Bye who wil, ware wil be solde,
He need go no farther, the fair is heer,
Bye when ye list, it lasteth ouer yeer.
¶ Spare for no cost, but drink of the best,
And also of euery dainty eat,
Not in operation, and light to digest,
Nature to prouoke, and set on a heat;
Oysters, cockles, and els what they may get,
Now this, now that, and fain them self sick,
Such things to receiue as for the phisick.
¶ By meanes whereof Tiresias,
Arbither chuse the trueth to discus,
Giue iudgement plain in this case,
That the woman is far more lecherous,
Gallus gallinus ter quinq; suffecit vnus;
Sed ter quinque viri
Non sufficiunt mulieri.
¶ In case they would ought of you craue
A non they weep and lower apace,
And say, that they can nothing haue
Them to apparel as other wiues hase:
Trust not ouer much their mourning face,
Record inough of Sampsons two wiues,
Who foloweth their mindes seldome thriues.
¶ All beit the birder, with his blered eye,
Dissemble sorowe with his sad face,
Yet is there no birde he may come by

By his engines that may haue grace;
By women it foloweth in semblable case,
Weep they, or laugh they, all is one thing,
They dele moste craftely when they be weeping.
¶ And yet among who so wil thriue,
And office here in town and citty,
Must needs be ruled by his wiue,
Or els in fay it wil not be;
The wife must able him to the degree,
Able or vnable, little careth shee,
Because her self would honoured be.
¶ Fear not, she saith vnto her spouse,
A man or a mouse whether he be;
Should ye your honesty refuse,
And be as like as other men bee
In person and in eche degree,
Take it vpon you, doo not refuse,
And I my self wil finde your house.
¶ So by that meane of her counsail
The man may not the office forsake,
Because the wife would haue a tail
Come raking after, and a bonet black,
A ueluet hed, and also be take
With the best, and not with the wurst;
The man must be ruled til al be in the dust.
¶ Of all the diseases that euer wore
Wedding is next vnto the goute;
A salue there is for euery sore

To help a man within or without,
But of these twaine I am in dout;
No pain so feruent hot ne colde
As is a man to be a cuckolde.
¶ And be he neuer so fearful to fray.
So stark a coward, yet wil he rage
And draw his knife euen straight way,
Be he neuer so far in age,
Call him once cuckolde, and his courage
Foorth with wil kindle and force him strike
Wurse then ye named him heretike.
¶ And sith there is no salue therfore,
It putteth many a man in fear
To be infect with the self same sore,
How wel so euer they them bere;
Good token haue they also els where,
That who so euer weddeth a wife
Is sure of sorow al his life.
¶ Of Socrates the pacient,
Example good of his wiues twain,
Which on a time fel at dissent,
And vnto him did them complain:
He laughed thereat, and they again
Fel bothe on him, with an euel date,
A p—spot they brake vpon his pate.
¶ He heeld him pleased and wel content,
The p—sse ran down by his cheeks twain:
Wel wist I (said he) what is ment,

And true it is that all men fain,
That after thunder commeth rain;
Who hath a wife is sure to finde
At home in his house many a sower winde.
¶ A certain wife said to me once,
I would thou knew it, God made vs
Neither of earth, stock, ne stones,
But of a thing much precious,
Of a rib of a man, Scripture saies thus,
Likewise the woman in every need
Should be like the man in woord and deed.
¶ Man made of earth, and woman of man,
As of a thing moste principall;
Which argueth wel, saith she then,
By iudgement iust and reason naturall,
That we be euer substanciall;
And yet ye men of vs bable,
That women alwaies are variable.
¶ Which thing, as far as I see can,
Should be imployed rather to you,
Sith of the earth God create man,
And figures therof maketh euer new;
Nature thus naturall, me seemeth now
Must needs his first originall
Ensue, or be vnnaturall.
¶ As ye say (said I) help him wel,
Euel to thriue, and worse to fare;
Who was the cause that Adam fel,

His wife or no, I make you ware?
One and other little ye care,
So ye may haue that ye desire,
Though dun and the pack lye in the mire.
¶ Made of a bone, ye said ye were,
The trueth it is, I cannot deny;
Crooked it was, stif and sturdy,
And that would bend no maner of way;
Of nature like I dare wel say
Of that condition all women be,
Euel to rule, bothe stif and sturdy.
¶ And ouer that, who listeth to trye,
Put me two bones in a bag,
Or mo, as it is of quantitie;
That doon, holde it some what sag,
Shake it also, that it may wag,
And ye shall hear none other matter
Of these bones but clitter clatter.
¶ Like so of women in feeld and town,
Assembled where that many be,
A man may hear them by the sown
Farther then them ye may see;
Wherfore men say most commonly,
Where many geese be, be many t—ds,
And where be women, are many woords.
¶ And so the husband is like to haue
A singuler treasure of his wife;
He needeth neuer an il woord to true

All the dayes of his long life.
Hath not that man a perogatife
That may all way of his wife haue
A thing of nought and it not craue?
¶ And commonly, where cause is none,
Some thing imagined is kept in store,
Which that she may come the good man home,
With spiteful spite lay him before;
Of litle or nought they make much more,
And be it true or false they tel,
All is soothed as the Gospel.
¶ And yet the rib, as I suppose,
That God did take out of the man,
A dog vp caught and a way gose,
Eat it clene; so that as than
The woork to finish that God began
Could not be as we haue said,
Because the dog the rib conuaid.
¶ A remedy God found as yet,
Out of the dog he took a rib,
The woman foorth with he made of it,
As to the man neither kin nor sib;
Nature she foloweth, and playeth the gib,
And at her husband dooth barke and ball,
As dooth the cur for nought at all.
¶ A nother reason, if ye mark wel,
Dooth cause the woman of woords be riue:
A certain man, as fortune fel,

A woman tungles wedded to wiue,
Whose frowning countenaūce perceiuīg by liue,
Til he might knowe what she ment he thought long,
And wished ful oft she had a tung.

¶ The deuil was redy, and appered anon,
An aspin lefe he bid the man take,
And in her mouth should put but one,
A tung, said the deuil, it shall her make;
Til he had doon his hed did ake;
Leaues he gathered, and took plentie,
And in her mouth put two or three.

¶ Within a while the medicine wrought;
The man could tary no longer time,
But wakened her, to the end he mought
The vertue knowe of the medicine;
The first woord she spake to him
She said, thou whoresonne knaue, and theef,
How durst thou waken me with a mischeef!

¶ From that day forward she neuer ceased,
Her boistrous bable greeued him sore:
The deuil he met, and him intreated
To make her tungles as she was before;
Not so, said the deuil, I wil meddle no more,
I deuil a woman to speak may constrain,
But all that in hel be, cannot let it again.

¶ And by proof dayly we see
What inclination nature maketh;
The aspin lefe hanging where it be

With little winde or none it shaketh:
A womans tung in like wise taketh
Little ease and little rest,
For if it should the hart would brest.
¶ Look when the sea dooth water want,
Nor no winde bloweth the mil to walke,
When Ethna hil of fire is scant,
The crowe is white, and black is chalke,
When women wil cease of their talke; 550
It is like propertye all women to bable,
As dogges to barke, and geese to gagle.
¶ And that more is, all men say,
That woman to man is moste comfort;
How beit, they mean it a nother way,
And say, she is mans vtter extort;
And ouer that, by iust report,
The smaller pease, the mo to the pot,
The fairer woman the more gillot.
¶ The fairer of face, the prouder of hart, 560
The lother to wo, the sooner won,
The lesse of speech, the more ouerthwart,
Not one so daungerous as is dame dun,
The fowler she is, the sooner it is doon;
So short of heel they be ouer all,
That if ye blowe they must needs fall.
¶ By meane wherof all men report
And say, that women can not be stable;
For be one gone an other resort

And profereth them thing seruiable;
Our fily is fetted vnto the saddle,
Ride who wil, shod is the mare,
And thus they exchaunge ware for ware.
¶ In case thou wouldst not haue it so,
But rather finde euery thing wel,
I councel thee before thou go
Foorth of the town to crowch and kneel,
And offer a candel to the deuil;
Percase thy wife would be salewed,
He would forset it all be shrewed.
¶ Example therof that was this:
A certain man from home should ride,
Which fearing his wife would do amisse,
To an image of Sathan vpon a walles side
Offred a candle, and that was espied,
And said, Sir Sathan, now I charge thee
My wife in my abcence that thou ouer see.
His iorney ended, came home again,
And the self image went straight vnto;
The deuil him shewed euery thing plain,
How he had let that should haue be doo,
And from her backward drawen one or twoo;
The daungerous cure that euer he had
Was to keep good that would haue be bad.
¶ An other thing as principall,
Be not with her in jalosye;
What misaduenture so euer befall,

V. 580. shrewed—shewed?

Forbid her mannes companye;
Nor yet rebuke her singulerly,
In case thou doo, though thou hadst sworne,
A blast shalt thou blowe in Ninerus horne.
¶ For as we see by experience
Euery day before our eye,
And by report of men of credence,
For the moste part, the feminie
By their innatiue distynye
First and formoste when they be chid
Wil that thing doo they be forbid.
¶ And ouer that thy wife present,
I councel thee be wise and ware,
Thou praise no other mannes instrument
Better then thine owne bering ware;
For if thou doo she wil not spare
Were it neuer so naturall a fool,
Til she assaie the self same tool.
¶ So frail they be of disposition,
So crooked, so crabbed, and with that so euil,
So [illegible]d, so shrewd, light of condition,
[illegible]ure it were vnpossible
To let them of their owne self wil;
And but it come of their owne minde
A man were as good throwe stones in ye winde.
¶ Say what ye wil, they wil doo as they lust,
The proof therof in a certain fable:
A husband man hauing good trust,

His wife to him had be agreeable,
Thought to attempt if she had be reformable,
Bad her take the pot, that sod ouer the fire,
And set it abooue vpon the astire.
¶ She answered him, I holde thee mad,
And I more fool by Saint Martine;
Thy dinner is redy, as thou maist bad,
And time it were that thou shouldst dine.
And thou wil not, I wil goo to mine.
I bid thee (said he) vere vp the pot.
A ha (she said) I trowe thou dote.
¶ Up she goeth for fear at last,
No question mooued where it should stand,
Upon his hed the pottage she cast,
And heeld the pot stil in her hand;
And toward him she curst and band,
Said and swore he might her trust,
She would with the pottage do what her lust.
¶ No remedy for to discontent,
To battle to them of reason or law.
For be a womans purpose bent
Nothing preuaileth to withdraw,
Nor yet to keep them vnder awe;
Giue them councel the best ye can,
They wil folow their owne wil now and than.
¶ Look of discretion, few womanly,
And to thee were few profitable,
Not three, I dare say, among thirty,

That be discreet and resonable;
And yet alwaies they bible bable
Of euery matter, and make it nise,
And in conclusion be wunderous peuish.
¶ As holy as saints in church they be,
And in street as angels they were,
At home, for all their hipocrisie,
A deuilish life they lede all the yeer;
When Lent commeth, then to the freer,
The fryer limlifter for a pray of pence,
Wil for all causes with them dispence.
¶ And that more is, I dare auow,
That if the wife displeasure take,
Be it right or wrong, yet thou
Must needs of force for thy wiues sake
Fight and fray, and hie woords crake,
Swere and stare, as who would say
Thou wouldst not let to kil and slay.
¶ In case thou take the matter light,
As a man of peace, looue, and concord,
Then wil she weep anon foorth right,
And giue thee many an euil woord;
And bid thee gird to thee thy swoord,
And say, if I had maried a man
This thing should not be long vndon.
¶ Record the wicked Jesabel,
Which would haue slain good Helias;
Record also of the Gospel

The wife of Philip, Herodias,
Which through her doughter brought to passe
That Herod her graunted, or that they wist,
To giue her the hed of John Baptist.
¶ Thus where them self may little doo,
As in regard of corporall might,
Of cruelnesse they rest not so,
But stir their husbands for to fight:
The prouerb olde accordeth right,
Women and dogges cause much strife,
And moste occasion to mischeef.
¶ In case that thou so foolish be
For thy wiues woords to make a brall,
If it so fortune that she doo it see,
Regardeth little what may befall,
The first thing that she dooth of all,
On thee she runneth and holdeth thee stil,
Whiles that an other may thee kil.
¶ And if it chaunce any vnkinde woord
Escape thy mouth, wherby that ye
Betwen your self fall at discord,
Trust me wel, in case that she
By any mean may maister thee,
For the moste parte all women be
In such case all without pittye.
¶ Weake and feeble all beit they be,
Of body much impotent,
Example dayly yet may ye see,

Comberous they be and maliuolent,
Harmeles creatures, none euel ment;
The vpper hand if they once get,
Can no more harme then a mermeset.
¶ Who was so busy as the maid
With crooked language Peeter to appose?
Once, twise, or thrise, to him she said,
And thou, felowe, art one of those;
The trueth (said she) thy language shose.
Peter, abashed, swore and denaid,
And all by reason of the lewd maid.
¶ Some men there be also that say,
Be she single, or be she wed,
To much she coueteth of chamber play;
As did Bibles the thing forbed,
Presumed to be in her mothers sted;
Mirha also inordinately
With her own father found meanes to lye.
¶ The doughters twain of Lot the sage
Hauing like tikle in their tailes,
Could not refrain their wilful rage;
To satisfye with euel haile
Their father feasted with costly vitail,
Made him drunk, and so at last
Medled with him, he sleeping fast.
¶ Examples heerof diuers ther be
To prooue my saying is straight as a line:

As first, of the abhominable Pasiphe,
And then the insasiat Missaline,
Pirra, Fabula, and fair Heline,
With other thousands many mo,
Which all to resite would neuer be doo.
¶ I pray you why was Adam shent,
Because he onely did transgresse?
Eue him meeued first to consent,
To eat of the apple she did him dresse,
So all came of her wilfulnes;
And sith that woman that offence began,
She is more to blame then is the man.
¶ The wife of Lot willing also
The wil of God to preuaricate,
Out of the cittie when she should go
Looked behinde her in her gate,
To see by proof the prognosticate,
Displeased God, and she anon
Transformed was into a salt stone.
¶ I pray you what did Queen Atthaly,
(Look in Paralipomenon,)
Mother of yung king Othozye?
Of all and of all the wilfullest one,
Mooued the king aforsaid, her sonne,
To doo much euil, especially
The temple of God for to destroy.

¶ Mighty Sampson two wiues had,
The first a Philistian by generation,
Neither of them good, but passing bad,
And eke to him far out of fasshion;
The first him caused by lacrimacion
His probleme to hear, so that he said;
When she knew it, she him betraid.
¶ The second delt much worse then so,
Deceived him, as you shall hear,
For she his strength did take him fro;
In her lap sleeping she clipt of his hear,
Betraid her lord, and her bewpeer;
Thus Dalida for meed him serued,
And caused his eyes out to be carued.
¶ The wife of Job, the man elect,
Saluted him with scornes and mocks,
And ful vnseemly oft him chect,
Saying, thou fool, ful of the pocks,
Ful like a fool thy brest thou knocks;
Weenest thou for thy fair speech
God wil come thee for to seech.
¶ Thy prating leue, foule thee befall,
Trust me he wil thee neuer heale;
Thy beasts, thy goods, and thy children all,

V. 763. *Judges, ch.* 14. *v.* 16, *et seq.*

V. 774. *bewpeer*, or, *beauperc*—usually signifies father-in-law, but here appears to mean merely *companion*.

Be dead and brent, now euery deale,
And thou liest heer with many a bile
Prating and praying to the deuine,
And wurse thou stinkest then a dead swine.
¶ Like wise the wife of olde Thoby,
Whose name, as I remember, was Anne;
Which him intreated boisterously
With sad rebukes now and than;
Called him driuel and witles man,
Because he gaue, with hart so liberall,
Parte of his goods to the porall.
¶ The wanton wife of king Pharao
Joseph abhored with her to lye
In place secret between them two.
God forbid, madame, (said he).
Because she sawe it would not be
A shamefull lye she did inuent
In prison to cast that innocent.
¶ In women all this propertye
Is knowen sure and manifest,
That if a man may come so nye
To shew them game that they looue best,
And wil not doo it, then wil they iest;
But trust me sure that with the hart
They wil neuer looue him afterwart.
¶ The wise man saith in his Prouerbs,
A strumpets lipps are dulce as hony,
But in her dealing she is sowre as hearbs,

Wormewood or rue, or worse, saith he;
For when them liketh to mock with thee,
With tung and eye such semblaunce they showe,
That hard it were them to mistrowe.
¶ As though they spake with mouth and hart,
With face they make so good semblaunce
That hard it were a man to start
From their fair glosing countenaunce;
Thus with their sugred vtteraunce
The simple men, that meane but iust,
Deceiued are where they moste trust.
¶ In case they doo you but one benefit,
An hundreth times by you recompenced,
They wil you euer with that one entwit;
With little cause, or none offenced,
All our demerits shal be vnrecompenced;
So beit lesse, or be it more,
All is lost ye gaue them before.
¶ If ye remooue your copy holde,
And would be tenaunt by indenture,
There is no ware then to be solde,
Ye must go seek at your aduenture;
For as of you I haue no denture,
Think that I wil be so redy,
Nay, by Jesse, I holde you a peny.
¶ And then if ye no labour make,
Ye may be sure that then wil she
Be sure out throwe the hauke to take,

The like of her affinitie;
Good God, how straunge now a daies be ye,
I would haue thought ye had been none such,
But by the little is knowen the much.
¶ So at length by huch or cruch,
Lesse or more, euer they craue,
Until thy hand be in thy pouch;
No woords preuail thee to saue,
A thousand thousand when they haue,
To make a man a thred bare cote,
And leaue him neither peny ne grote.
¶ Now this, now that, they craue alway,
One thing or other, they neuer rest;
Say what ye wil, they wil no nay,
Nor none excuse, but their owne request;
So they may be trimmed and fed of the best
They haue no remorce who bereth the name,
Nor whome they put to open shame.
¶ The trueth is knowen, as in this case,
By holy writ authenticate;
Between Chamer and the judge Judas,
The book called Genesis examinate,
How Chamer, the widow, in the way sat,
Disguised her self in straunge aray,
Judas to deseiue after that way.

V. 847. *by huch or cruch—by hook or by crook.*

V. 863. *Chamer and Judas—Tamar and Judah. Gen. ch.* 38. *v.* 14. *et seq.*

¶ Her fresh attire, and countenaunce therto,
Prouoked this man a question to make;
She lightly consented, as some other doo;
Said, what wil ye give, thy pleasure to take?
Some pledge, she said, for promise is slack.
Of him she required staffe, mantel, and ring,
His minde to folow, and doo the thing.

¶ Short tale to make, the lawe was then,
A woman that found was in adultry,
Dew proof aledged by credible men,
Should suffer death, saunce remedye;
The matter appeered by her bely;
She openly said, in slaunder of Judas,
Who oweth these three this deed doon has.

¶ Thus be they all past shame and dreed,
And careth not who bid them baile;
With ghostly sentence them to feed,
Little or nothing dooth them preuaile;
Be thy back turned, anon they rail;
And say, for all your counsail good,
Ye had leuer a bare a—se, then a furred hood.

¶ To say that they can counsail keep
It were to me a meruailous thing,
Onles itbe when they doo sleep,

V. 883. *bid them baile—makes love to them?* See Jamieson's Etym. Dict. article *Baille.*

Or no body to giue the hearing;
Desirous euer of new tiding,
And were it matter of lim and life,
It shal be tolde out by thy wife.
¶ Tully the Romain vpon a day
Thought to approoue his wiues secrye;
In councel tolde her he had put away
The emperours sonne, to the end that we
May reign and rule both land and sea.
Glad was she, and yet she went
And him disclosed incontinent.
¶ Tully escaped hard with his life,
And all by meane of his one foly;
Had not the trueth been knowen beliue
To haue be hanged it was ieoperdye:
Be it therfore true tale or lye,
Be wise and ware, wake or ye wink,
And tel not your wife all that ye think.
¶ King Salomon, bothe witty and wise,
A woman dooth assimilate
Unto a dropping euesing guise
Distilling down after rain late,
Whose drops vncleen dooth maculate
The finest vesture that any man weres,
With colde and wet the body deres.

V. 912. *euesing—from the eaves of the house.*

¶ Euen so a woman litigious
Disquieteth an whole houshold:
And who so he be that in his house
Entendeth to keep a woman skolde,
The winde that bloweth bothe moist and colde
Were better far for to herbour,
And lesse should finde of displeasure.
¶ Enuious they be it is dayly seen,
And proud also of comparison;
Record of Sabba, the gorgious queen,
Before nor since was neuer such a one;
Because she enuied king Salomon,
To prooue his wisdome, and take with a trip,
Passed the seas in a merualous ship.
¶ Because that Naboth would not sel
Unto the king of Samaria
The vineyard he had at Israel,
Achab the king became angry;
As soon as Jesabel the queen knew why,
She straightly cōmaunded by writing to fain
Some cryme vpon Naboth, and so he was slain.
¶ Look and read the book Bocas,
And ye shall finde many a reason
The pride of women to deface
For their misliuing in their season;
Good women he wrot were very geason,
As ye shall finde of ninteen be wrot,
But of the twenty neither letter nor iote.

¶ Salomon saith, three things here be
Seldome or neuer saturate:
Hel the first is of the three;
The second a womans water gate:
The ground of water, insaciate
Of euery lewd fasshion, recken who can,
And euer I warrant the woman is one.
¶ Hard to knowe, like number ther bee,
The fourth to knowe who is he that can;
The first, which way a bird will flee,
Or of a serpent sprent from a stone,
What hauen a ship shall drive vpon;
The craft of a whore perceive who can,
And euer I warrant the woman is one.
¶ The ground also dooth vary by three,
The fourth may not be stablished sure:
A bond man set in maiestye,
A fool fed fat whiles he wil in powre,
An odious woman in weddings vre,
An heir made of a bond woman,
So euer I warrant the woman is one.
¶ Which things remẽbred wel neer eche man
Report of them accordingly,
And say plainly, that in the woman
As little thing of praise worthy,
Lettred or vnlearned, whether they be,
They say of all creatures women are the best,
Cuius contrarium verum est.

¶ And were not two small venialles,
The feminine might be glorifide,
Set in thronis perpetualles,
And as the goddes be deifide;
Twoo veniall sinnes they haue and hide,
None of the seuen their names who can tel,
They can neither doo, nor yet say wel.
¶ So to conclude of this tratise
A finall end, rude though it be,
The processe through who wil superuise
Shall wil perceiue I make no lye;
An end therfore to make shortly:
In my conceit he liueth in rest
That medleth with them of all people lest.

FINIS.

Go foorth little book, be not a fraid,
To be accept with them that are wise;
And shew them plain, what so be said
In any parte of this treatise,
Dooth not disdain their honesties;
But for the lewd might haue a mirrour
Heerby to amend their damnable errour.
¶ Like as the preacher dooth discommend
All vices liuing with mouth and wil;

Or as the minstrel dooth intend,
With help of lute, finger or quil,
Example shewing to conuert the il;
Like so mine auctor dooth the same,
No creature liuing spoken by name.
¶ Percase any one displeasure take,
Because it toucheth her properly,
In case that she such waies forsake,
Which moste accordeth to her propertye,
She needeth not heerwith to be angry;
God graunt vs all we may doo this,
For to amend that is amis.
¶ The good alwaies wilbe content
With that that is spoken in generall;
Ther wil none so soon be discontent
As they that fretised be with all;
Rub a scald horse vpon the gall,
And he wil bite, wins, and went,
So wil all people that are maleuolent.
¶ Go foorth therefore among the thick,
And bere in minde who is with thee,
The woords that Salomon, and Dauid spake,
In Judicum, and in Genesye;
Hierome, Juuenall, and olde Tobye,
Caton, and Ouid, wil testyfie,
And Merciall also, who listeth to try.

V. 1012. *fretised—fretted, irritated.*

¶ And vnto them that learned be
I would and wil thou meekely went,
And showe them who so made thee
No thing purposed of il intent
That should prohibit the Sacrament;
But that the masculine might heerby
Haue some what to iest with the feminy.

FINIS.

A LYTLE AND BRYEFE TREATYSE

CALLED

The Defence of Women,

AND ESPECIALLY OF

ENGLYSHE WOMEN,

MADE AGAYNST

The Schole Howse of Women.

Yf the turtle doue
Be true in loue,
Voyde of reason, than,
What shame is it
Yf man hath wyt
And hateth a woman?

After what has been said of this tract in the prefatory notice to the "Schole House of Women," little respecting it remains to be added. The author, Edward More, was accounted one of the minor poets of the reign of Queen Mary; and I believe his sole claim to the title rests on this production, which is more deserving of notice from the object it had in view than from its poetical merit. More was a poor scholar at Oxford, according to Wood, but no further particulars of his life are mentioned in the Athenæ Oxonienses.

This work was only printed once, viz. in 4to. b. l. by John Kynge, A. D. 1560. The transcript for this reprint was made from a copy in the possession of my friend Mr. Douce. Several leaves however in the volume having been mutilated by the binder, I have not always been able to make out the meaning, and have occasionally therefore been compelled to have recourse to conjecture: in some few instances the defective passages are supplied by asterisks.

TO

HYS SYNGULER AND ESPECYALL FRENDE

MAYSTER WYLLYAM PAGE,

Secretary to Syr Phillip Hobdy,

EDWARD MORE SENDETH GRETYNG.

CALLYNG to mynde the sayenge of Salust, that they lede theyr lyfe lyke beasts which passe theyr tyme in ydlenes, I could not chuse (for as much as I hade a lytle vacant tyme from studye) but attempte some thyng wherewith I might be busyed; when I coulde not in a pretye space bethinke nor deuyse what lytle worke I might occupie myselfe with, that might be correspondent and agreable both vnto my small leysure and tyme, and also vnto the place wherin I was at that present season (for I was in London). At laste a booke, inteteled the Schole Howse of Women, cam vnto my handes, wherin I had wel hoped to haue redde some notable gestes and actes of women (for so semed the false and forged tytle therof to promyse); but when I had well perused and ouer redde the same, I found the cleane contrary. For much againste my expectation I myght vewe and see

theryn divers and sundry reprochfull thyngis spoken agaynste women, not only, as I thought, undeserved on theyr partes, but also moost beastiall lyke on hys behalfe which wrote the same. What creature, comme and borne of a woman, wold so spytefully wryte agaynste them? What learned man can iudge well of hym? What woman that knoweth hym can fynde in her harte to loue hym? And fynally, what good and honest reader, once reading the same, wil haue any further desyre or delyght to peruse it? Of a vyper I think hym to be borne, whose nature is to knowe a sunder hys dames belly before he cōmeth forth, wherby she dyeth. But perchaunce he in lyke wyse to auoyde ydlenes toke that hys worke in hand: truly better had it bene for hym (as Erasmus sayth) to haue bene ydle then euyll occupyed. And as in takyng vpon hym that lewde enterpryce he semed to playe a founde and folysh parte, so in lyke wyse in hiding of hys name he only declared his wyt, which if he had expressed, no lesse wolde women wonder at hym then the smal byrdes at the owle; no lesse wolde they hate hym then the ape the snayle; no lesse wold they abhorre hym then the lysard the serpent; and finally, no lesse wolde they iudge of hym then of Nero, which caused hys mothers wombe to be rypped (she lyuyng) to see the place where he laye in. I then, for the fervēt affection which I bare to women, was desyrous to write in theyr defence;

but fyrst I beganne to consulte with myself weyther it were best so to doe or no, and I perceyued that many just causes dyd prouoke me to wryte herein; and agayne, diuers dyd allure me to hold my peace: for as my god wyll and affection to women, the symplicitie, innocēcie, and ungiltynes of womē, the eschewyng of ydlenes, and the verite of the matter and cause, exhorted me: so on y^e^ other syde dyd my lack of wytt, learnyng and age, allure me to the contrary, which were moost mete and requisite in thys behalfe, affirmyng it to be a matter more mete and decent for a marryed man to entreate and wryte of, then for a bachyler and prynkokes but of twenty yeares of age, or lytle more. And more mete in dede I thought it also for a marryed man, who in defendyng of women myght partly gratyfye his owne wyfe, whose honest behauyor, sobernes, wytt, and true loue theryn semyng to be apparant, myght redoune and sounde not a lyttle to hys owne honestie, and also wolde be a greate encrease of loue betwene them, although they skant loued before. Now when I saw none such ready to take paynes and trauayle theryn, I, lyke blinde bayard, quite and clene forgettyng y^e^ impediments in me afore named (that is to say) lack of wytt, learnyng, and age, whych were most requisyte and nedefull for thys purpose, raslye and unaduysedlye toke thys enterpryce in hande (whereof I repente me not at all). And bycause

that I knew nor was acquaynted wyth no ladye nor worshypfull gētlewoman in the courte, or els where to whom I myght dedycate y^e^ same, as a thynge for the argumente sake (although not for the clerklyke handlyng thereof), moost mete and apte for theyre worshippes to beholde and looke on, you then came to mynde, of all men moost worthy of thys simple gyfte, not only for that, that you are an especiall fauorer of women, but also because you haue shewed and declared your selfe alwayes to be a singuler patrone and defender of my symple studye. So nowe lykewyse hauyng no mystrust at all in you, but that as in tymes past, so you wyll also accepte and take in good worth thys my small present and gyfte, as a testymonyall of my good wyll unto you, beyng not otherwyse able to declare the same, for lack and wante of worldlye wealth. Thus desyryng you to take so much paynes at your moost conuenyent leasure as to correcte and amende al such fautes as you wil fynde theryn, which although that the worke be but small, yet the numbre of them tho be excedyng great I dare well affirme. I commit you to the tuystion of the blessed Trinyte, whome I besech all wayes to preserue and kepe you hole in soule and bodye to hys wyll and pleasure, and to your owne hartes desyre.

Frō Hambleden, the xx. day of Julye,
Anno Domini. MDLVII. Finis qūd **E. M.**

EDWARD MORE

TO HYM THAT WROTHE THE BOOKE CALLED

The Schole Howse of Women.

If thy name were knowen that wrytest in thys sorte,
By womenkind unnaturally, gyung euil reporte,
(Whom all men ought, both yong and old, defend
with all theyr might,
Considering what they do to deserue of every lyuing
wyght;
As in there trauayle taken, sometymes with losse of
lyfe,
To brīg such wretches to this world, which make
not only strife,
But beyng come to perfyte age, can skant gyue and
a forde
Unto theyr dāmes y^{t} gaue thē suck so much as one
good word.)
Ywys thou shulde exiled be, from women more and
lesse,
And not without iust eause thou must thy selfe con-
fesse,

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Onles as in thy booke, so now thou lyst to lye,
Where are nothinges but rayling iestes of the pore femynye.
Thy booke intytled is the Scholehouse of Women,
A tedious thyng for them to reade, not pleasant vnto men:
The style thereof declareth no lesse, but that thou art right sage,
And lyued hast so longe perdye, that now thou dotest for age;
Lesse meruayle then it is, that if thy othe be spent,
And of eche one reiected arte and hated as the lent:
Though thy melancoly thou canst not els assuage
No kynde of way but only thus, on women for to rage.
Pean to be a folysh worke thou dost testyfye,
Whych lyke a learned poet, by the fygure onomatopei,
Trāsformed thou hast into *pecock*, as proude of hys longe tayle:
Marck, I pray the well, how much there thou doest fayle;
Pean is more lyke in sounde in our mother tonge
To pehen then pecock, whose tayle is not so longe,
Nor set with sundry colors, nor of so pleasaunt hewe,
That she doth boast and brag theryn, is not thys ryght kewe?
All men, that learned be, allowe the in no case,
All women eke that wytty be haue cause to curse thy face,

All maydens that vyrgynytye do court styll to kepe,
Through thy accusacyons, haue now iust cause to wepe.
All yongmen that intende to lyue in Venus lawe,
I meane in matrymony, hauying of God the awe,
May wel' deryde and mock thy folyw and lewde pranck,
Wherein I dare be bold to say, thou had more payne then thank.
In married men such feare there is, and such contynuall awe,
That moost of them beleue y wys they be of Moyses lawe;
And fynaly, to conclude, the beste and eke the wourst,
For thys thy foolysh entrepryse may hold the well accurst.
Repent, therefore, repent, I say, acknowledge ones thy fact,
Recant I rede the, and confessse, thy lewde and synfull act,
Which doth not hurte to one, but all of eche degree
Haue cause to bend theyre browes thereat, as oft as they it see;
Although to call it in agayne it be now past thy hand,
Yet to recant ease thou shalte fynd, I wyl thou vnderstand;

For yf that Judas perdan had asked by and by
Of God, he had obtayned it, as Scriptures testifye.
Now to conclude and make an end, I wyll apply my wytt
In writing for good women all as is moost meete and fitt.

FINIS.

¶ Here begynneth the Poem

CALLED

The Defence of Women.

MADE BY EDWARDE MORE.

VENUS, unto the for help, good lady, I do cal,
For thou wert wōt to graūt request unto thy seruaūts all,
Euen as thou dyddest help alwayes Eneas thyne owne chylde,
Apeasing the god Jupiter with countenaūce so mylde,
That though that Juno to turmēt hym, on Jupiter dyd prease,
Yet for the loue he bare to the dyd cause the wyndes to cease.

I pray the, pray the Muses all, to help my memorye,
That I may haue ensamples good in defence of fe-
mynye,
Them to defend of dyuers thynges as slaunders many
fold,
I [illegible] taken uppon me as a champyan bold.
[illegible] that lyst agaynst me, I wyll them well assure,
To spende my tyme in theyr defence, whyle my lyfe
shall indure,
Although I want the grauytye of Cato that was sage,
Which hard it is to fynde in any of myne age;
And Ciceros eloquence is very hard to fynde
In a curtyer truly, accordyng to my mynde;
Senecaes breife sentences although that I do wante,
Within Curtius style kepe me can I skant;
Yet Salust south in wrything trewth I trust I shall
attayne,
And as directly as I can declare my matter playne.
Fyrst, I wyl make it manyfest that women beare
much blame,
And men are more in faut, deseruyng styll the same:
As the litle cobwep taketh the small flye,
The swallowe fleyng through easely passyng by;
And as the pore and nedy man hanged is sometyme,
When the rycher skapeth for a greater cryme;
So doth the sely woman, of eche degree and sorte,
Runne in slaunder undeserued by meanes of mens
reporte;

Whereby thys prouerbe sheweth playne, no lesse true then olde,
That thei moost ofte that wurst may the candle use to holde;
This to be true, what better profe then by Eve may be brought,
Which dyd Adam attempt to do that thynge was nought.
Dyd * * endevor to reclayme her to hys fyste,
Bycause he knew her febleness not able to resyst.
What was y^e^ deuel? man or woman, I wold some good deuyne
Wold take the paynes thys questyon to us once to defyne:
A man, I thynke in dede, of Lucyfers owne trayne,
For of a woman dyuell I neuer red certayne.
Whan Lucyfer fyrst fill into the pyt of hell,
At Gods appoyntment for hys pryde therin styll to dwell,
There fell with hym a number moe of men, whose sodeyne fall,
All women yet remaynyng here may rue the tyme and all;
Had not the serpent tempted Eue, who cold els sermyse
So shamfull acte to bryng her forth of joyfull paradyse?

V. 33. Great part of this line is cut away.

And besydes all thys, when she delyuered had
To Adam the forbidden fruyte to taste, and hym had bad,
She knew then no deceyt, I dare for her appose,
And Adam then to tast therof I thynk sure myght haue chose;
For she reherst the word, addyng no whyt more
To that the synfull serpent had to her told before:
And if that he to Adam fyrst had cum, no dowt he myght
Haue tempted hym as well as Eue, thys thyng declareth it ryght,
Predestinate she was therto, to withstand it not knowing how:
All Chrysten men ought to lament therfore, I make a vowe,
And not to cast it in her teeth, and on her thus to iest,
A foule byrde it is perdye defyleth his owne nest.
Wherfore cam he to Eue? I haue tolde you before,
Her lacke of strentgh, and nothyng els, was cause of her forlore;
Yf lacke of strength, bewty, wyt, in women be detecte,
It lyeth not in them these sayd thyng to correcte;
Nature fourmeth folks accordyng is to Gods wyll,
In God it lyed and wan els then to make or spyll:
But Adam beyng ruler of see, and eke of lande,
That Eue to hym was subiect it may well now be skand,

And hauyng strenght sufficient, wanting nowght but grace,
So wolde offende our sauyour Christ to lese that ioyfull place,
Wherin he felt no woe, wherin dyd nothyng mys,
To lede hys lyfe in heauenly ioye, who can saye well by thys;
And yet men wyll transpose the faute to seely Eue,
But no man, that the trouth doth rede, wyl them I thynk beleue;
Wherfore I trust I haue declared here at large,
That fawth cõmytted by the men are layde to womens charge.
Consydre now theyre ponishement, appoynted by our Lord,
To helpe my saynges somewhat no dout it wyl accorde;
With daunger of theyre lyues theyr children they do beare,
Theyres ouerthrouges in labour hys meruell to heare;
And after they be borne, what dilygence they use,
To bryng them up in fearing God, no labour they refuse;
And we do dayly see suffyciently exprest,
How nurses often wake, when most men take theyr rest.
Wolde Jesus haue been borne of Mary vyrgyn mylde,
And humbled hymselfe to her as a louyng chylde,

Onles that they were innocent, and as the do pretende,
Styffe, stowt, nor arrogant, nor ready to offende.
Alas! may I saye than, that any Christen man
Shuld wryte such thynges by women, that synce ye world began
I dare well saye they neuer dyd, nor yet so much as thought;
How much to blame are men to saye that women be so nought,
And them thus to upbrayde with theyr barre passyng loue,
With wāton eyes and sugred lippes wher wt mēs harts they moue,
With all theyr myght and mayne to follow wanton wyll,
Wherin our poet doth recyte they haue neuer theyre fyll.
How farre from all the truth, how lyke it soundes a lye,
By reasons moe them one or two thus may all men it trye;
The hoter that the contrey is, the proner to offende,
And to venery more lyke to condiscente
The people are; and, as I haue ofte rede,
Where wyues are ryfest, there a man may best be spede:
And on the other partye, the colder that is,
The lesse desyre and appetyte they haue to do amysse;

And besydes all thys, the fayrer that they be,
To more resorte of men there is them to beholde and see;
The more resort of men, in daunger soner runne,
What dayly dryftes do men deuyse untyll they haue thē wunne?
With Rome make I comparison, if I may be so bolde,
And England do affirme to be then it farre passing colde;
Therby I meane in dede, that Romaynes are more bent
Then Englysh women be to such thynges to consent.
Lesse wander they abrode, wherby the byting ayre
Can theyr bewty in no point dyminish and appayre.
Which of sundry wayes, the next way is of all, 111
As I haue shewed a lytle before customers to call;
Where our Englysh women do spare them selfes no whyt,
But up and doune the fyeldes to and fro do flyt;
The ladyes to the court do dayly take theyr traydes,
Besydes a trayne of seruyng men accumpanied wyth maydes;
That be the wether foule, or be the wether fayre,
No wether being open theire bewty must appayre,
Wherby a man may iudge, that of the people twayne,
The Englysh women to be more chast farre then the Romaine. 120

This also I do note, and thinke to be moost true,
That most of al by yelosy daunger doth ensue;
The men (in mine opynion) no people use it more,
In lookyng strayte unto theyre wyues, as I haue told before,
Therby it fareth thus with them, to be a prouerbe ryfe,
To judge the Romayne harlot better then the wyfe.
Which use not so frequent in England, wherby
The Englyshmen do well auoyde that perlous yoperdye.
Now of Romaynes haue I redde innumerable good,
As fyrst of all of Lucres, that cam of noble blood;
When Tarquyn the proude desyred her company, 131
Lyvy wyll the same affyrme and testifye;
Thys Tarquyn (whome I named) dyd prese to do that dede,
Which caused her, and also hym, not very well to spede.
Fyrst wyth fayre wordes began he Lucres to entrete,
And when they could not take affecte, then he began to threte
With his naked sword to take away her lyfe.
Alas, good Brutus, where wert thou, to succor then thy wyfe?
And fynally, agaynst her wyll Tarquyn lay her by,
The cryme is deedly for a kyng to do such vylany;

Which when by hym was dun, away and he was gonne,
She sendeth for her husband and kindred eche one,
And bearyng in her hand with her a naked knyfe,
In presence of them all she ended ther her lyfe;
But before she dyed, as Lyuye doth reporte,
With a heuy hart (God wot) spake after such a sorte:
O my husband deare, why do I lyue thys daye,
Syth that (but not wyllyngly) I haue the now betraye,
And most against my harte the godes do know right well,
That feare of death, and nothing els, was cause now that I fell—
Tarquin the proud hath rauyshed me thys nyght!
Wherwith she wept full pyteously, her teares distilling bright
From her eyes, and sodeinly dyd thrust into her harte
The knyfe, so ended she her lyfe in dedly woe and smarte.
Alas! what hart so hard as is the marble stone,
Yf she had sene thys dolefull syght wolde not haue made great moan
For her who lyeng ded, as white as any lylly,
Whose cruell death dyd playnly shew, and for her testyfy,
That she was voyde from vice, not giltie of that gylt,
And yet in satysfaction her hart blud there she spylt.

Lucres of Tuskayne also is come unto my mynde,
Which to Eurylaus she wed her selfe so kynde;
That beyng but a straynger borne, and her deperted
froe,
Dyed for very sorow, the story telleth soe.
Why loued she an other, alas, syth she was wedde?
Marryed she was against her wyll, she had as leue
ben dedde
As hym to husband take, but that she might not chuse,
For at her frendes cõmmaundement she durst hym
not refuse;
So that not only she, but tother of her sorte, 169
Are to be lamented much, as voyde of all cumforte,
For of these twayne they must do one, w^t God eyther
nedes glose,
Or els if God they please, theyr parentes strayt way
lose:
Happy be they I say then, whose choyse to chuse is
free,
Though they haue but lytle, no dought they shal agree.
What saye ye nowe to Ouyds wyfe, which banyshed
to bee
Desyred much, and leaue al thinges in Rome, where
she was free,
With her husbande to haue gonne to take such parte
as he;
That fayth there is in womankynde a blynde man
may wel see.

Susanna also, and Judith, with dyuers others moe,
Out of Scriptures colde I bring, but nede requyreth not soe,
Eke of forrayne examples these are ynough to vewe;
Now shall I one recite, whiche also is moost trewe.
A kyng there was y^t^ in y^e^ warres had taken a greuous wounde,
His surgens had assured hym it wold neuer be sounde
Unles that all the venom that therin dyd lye hydde
Were sucked out by mans mouth; the king sayd, God forbydde!
The quene y^t^ hearing hold her pease untyll that it was nyght,
When the kyng was sounder a slepe, y^t^ heare hym blow she might,
Rose as softly as she coulde, and so by suckyng ofte
Had gotte the venom clene forth; that done, with clothes softe
She dressed hym full handsomly, and wrapt it up agayne,
And helede hym with medycens, so that he felth no payne.
What dylygence wolde man requyre? what seruyce of hys wyfe?
What pledge of loue wolde he els haue then to saue hys lyfe

Wyth hassarde of her owne, whiche she ought moost defende,
Let men therfore remembre this, and theyr euyl tongues amende.
The doughter two of Loth, that lay theyre father by,
Dyd in a good intend the world to multyply.
And many thynges we reade permitted were by Gode,
In the olde Testament, and in the new forbode; 200
For if the brother spared had the syster in those dayes,
The world could not haue ben crest, I think no kind of wayes.
To cõme now to our cũtrey womẽ, why shuld men in thẽ dought,
And saye they be replete wyth vyce, synce straungers be without;
Although that I haue authors none, but all that I endight,
Long synce in author olde, I haue them redde full ryght;
Whych beyng but payngans borne, I herein so much trust,
That I beleue assuredly they wryt nothyng but iust;
And I my selfe but lyttle more then xx. yeares of age,
An Englyshman borne also, by nature nothyng sage,
Onles I shuld declyne from all my progeny, 211
Whose myrth theyre mery worke wyll show and testyfye.

Syth my mother tongue I dyd well understande,
I had no maner of delight in storyes of thys lande,
Whych beyng true in dede no meruayle thys at all,
Though that my countrey womēs actes to mynde I cannot call;
Yet hath there bene within my tyme, for nede I colde them name,
That for the loue they bare to men refused no kynde of blame:
Theyr husbandes whylest in pryson lay, trāsgressors of ye lawe,
Deseruyng in death for theyre offence, and beyng styll in awe,
Haue presed to the prese of the thyck through and trust,
As gree wt chylde as they myght goe, therein you may me trust,
And neuer ceased vntyll they cam unto the rulers face,
And meckely knelyng on theyr knees obteyned had theyr grace,
And set theyr husbandes free agayne, who had none other hope
To ende theyr lyues no kynde of waye but only by the rope.
And in the tyme that Bullayne was besegede wyth our hostes,
I know yet certayne that do lyue, that went out of our costes,

Left theyr frendes and kynsfolke, eke to Bullayne
toke theyr way
Unto theyr husbandes and their loues, skant restyng
night or day,
Untyl they had accumplished theyr journey with great
payne,
Where whē one foūd her husbād well, iiii. foūd their
louers slaine.
What heauy hartes had they, that founde theyr louers
dedde!
Smal ioye I thynke they wold haue had an other strayt
to wed.
What teares were shede by them! what syghinge from
the hart!
What sodayne sorow, heuynes, anguish, gryef, and
smarte,
Suffered those pore soules, no pen can wryte, nor yet
tōgue well expresse,
Nor hart can thynke, nor whyt deuyse, the some of
theyr distresse.
As warre is counted pleasaunt to them not tryeng the
same,
So many thynk it but a sporte to beare a louers name,
A louer to be named an easy thynge perdye,
And yf they loue unfaynedly, what loue is they shall
see.
Unto the burning feuer compare it I may well,
What ease there is therin the syck therof can tell;

Of these two thinges if that the choyse offree were to me,
And that of them they one I must chuse no remede,
To be sycke with loue, or els the plage to haue,
The plage I wold fyrst chuse of both, so God me saue!
The one within a weke relesseth all the payne,
Tne other in the harte tyll death doth styll remayne.
Although a louer might accumplish Nestores yeares,
Which liued three hundred winter long, in authors as appeares,
Of loue yet dyuers time shuld fele the woe and smart,
Thought more heuye then the ledde lyeth at the louers hart,
As I myselfe may wel affyrme, whych tryed haue the same,
And so may moe as well as I, that count it now no game.
These thinges well wayed then, yf men of stomock stout
Say loue to intollerable, I put you out of dout,
Great meruale it ys, I promise you, that womens feblenes
Is able to beare out so well their dolefull heauynes.
Alas! their tendre hartes were oft lyke for to brast,
Onles that teares of water sault distilled from them fast.

Yet some besydes theyr selfes with loue are oft certaine,
Of them (more pyty is) with us there do remaine.
Some man there is perchaunce that will of me enquire,
Meruayling much that any man with loue is set a fire,
And women with the same may or can take skath,
Thinking it to be a thing which chaunceth very rath;
For if that men and women loue, why do they disagree?
In consentyng eche to other thys daunger they may flee.
This may be aunswered diuers wayes, and first of al by this,
That not one man, what degre so euer that he is,
To loue alkynde of women, nor yet one woman can
Fynd in her hart (I dare well say) to fansy euery man;
What auayleth it then, how may he flee that payne,
Yf he loue that woman well that loueth hym not agayne?
And on the other parte, of a womans chaunce be so,
How may she then in lyke wyse scape hys payne and dedly woe?
Agayne, if men presume to farre aboue theyr owne degree,
Yf that they loue and can not spede, how can they then it flee?

But men there be, and not a fewe, whiche do pretende
to loue,
And meaning nothing els but maydens mynds to moue
To loue agayne, to the entent theyr purpose to obtayne,
Which when they haue, do draw away and leue to
loue agayne.
Thus with sundry dryftes are maydes and wyues de-
ceaued,
And ofte of theyre vergynite by men maydes are be-
reued;
Which being lost and gonne, what greater losse can be,
What better thing haue maydens now then theyre
virginite?
Whiche causeth thē to wayle and wepe, as haue they
cause to iust,
And though yᵗ other meane good faith, doth make
thē to mistrust.
Of lyke handling of a wydow, I can declare right well,
Betwene Dydo and Æneas, as Vyrgyll doth it tell;
Æneas, Troye beyng won, and all the towne was
brent,
Fled unto the see with Troyans by consent:
Councell, helpe, and ayd of Venus, the goddes
Of loue that was, and hys mother, as poetetes do ex-
presse,
Take shipping for to sayle unto a land,
Which prophesies did shew before shuld come into
hys hand.

He so long laye upon the see, his vytaill being spent,
Arryued in good Dydoes land, whiche when she hard she went
Unto him, to her that was a straunger as I rede,
And dyd obeysaunce unto hym, and home with her dyd lede,
As one that all nobilitie dyd very much regarde;
He wanted no good cheare ywis, no cost for hym was sparde.
Continued he wyth all hys men in her courte certayne dayes,
An refreshed them selfes well, as poet Vyrgyll sayes;
Required Æneas Dydoes loue, which when she graunted had,
And vitayles to his ships be carried that she bad,
Æneas away sayled, skant bydding her farewell,
Nor for his entertainement thanked her one dell;
At leste wyse cam no more at her, nor yet unto her sent,
Which moued gentle Dydo much, and made her heart relent;
Remembryng that her benefyttes vppon hym so bestowed
Are not regarded, but for them cruelte was showed;
And that Æneas noble was, she thought him to be iust,
And well she wyst that now she had put her whole trust

In one that her deceaued had, no meruayle was it than,
Though neuer after that she durst credyt any man.
That Englyshmē w^{t} maydes also haue playde y^{e} selfe same feat,
I shall declare unto you here, but fye on all deceat.
Of Englyshmen uppon a tyme there were in Scotlande three,
Whiche taken were as prysoners, in pryson put perdee,
And there were lyke to lye, the ordre of that lande,
To abyde ny remedy, ye may well vnderstande,
Vntyl they had theyr raūsons payed, which how it might arise,
Without frendes, thē selfes but poore, they cold not wel deuyse,
Vntyll at last that one of them, more crafty then the rest,
Had tolde his fellowes to be donne what he thought was best;
That is, to wyt, that one of thē, which was the handsomes man,
Shuld fayne hym selfe exceding sycke in y^{e} best wyse that he can.
Of what dysease thynke yee? of fayned loue ywys,
Which to be true no dout at all ye may percyue by thys;

The yealer had a doughter that was excedyng fayre,
Vnto these Englyshmen wolde diuers tymes repayre,
And treate wyth them of many thynges; at last one of the three,
Whose lot is was and chaunce the dyssembler to now to be,
The other twayne withdrawing them (as was agreed before)
Uppon the yaylers doughter looked and syghed wondrous sore,
And causyng her to syt hym by (as was hys owne reporte)
With faynyng herte and coũtenaunce spake to her in thys sorte: 340
I wold I had in fyelde bene slayen, but fortune wolde not so,
But that I shulde yet lenger lyue in dedly payne and wo;
All my cuntrymen, that euer prysoners were,
Dyd neuer so vnquoyet hart with them I know well bere,
For besydes that imprisonment is odyous to the fre,
There is a thyng whiche more then that doth dayly turmẽt me,
In so much that I therwith in lyfe coulde not remayne,
Onles that one thyng now and then restored my lyfe agayne;

My meanyng and intent hereby I wold fayne that you knew,
I wyll myselfe declare yt playne yf that you wyl be trewe,
And swere unto me by your fayth you wyl it not dysclose,
But secretely within your brest you shall the same repose.
She sware unto hym by and by, that honest if it weare,
No liuing creature on the earth by her therof shuld heare.
No dought (sayde he) I put in you, but credyt do your othe,
Beyng bolde to tell you that before which I was lothe.
When I to prison fyrst amonges the rest was brought,
For my harde handlyng here tooke exceding thought;
But when I called to mynde for what cause here we ly,
They had as iust cause to mourne me thought as I.
It chaunced not longe after that, as we three sate here,
Your bewtie brighter then the sonne unto me dyd appere:
Reuolyng I then in my minde my harde and cruell fate,
On fortune could not chuse but rayle, for chaũging myne estate;

In my natyue countrey of gentles come and borne,
Here I lye replete with woe as one that is forlorne:
Besydes all thys, your loue so perced hath my harte,
That remedyles I wayle and wepe, and dubble all my smarte.
And sythes I am now bonde and lede thys carefull lyfe,
Only may I wysh you to be my lawfull wyfe;
Desyre (I wolde) and eke beseche of loue,
Onles I knew assuredly I shuld you nothing moue.
Being in this case, which if that I were free,
Your loue unto an Englyshman you wolde not graunt perdee:
But graunt that you cold loue me, onles I were a large,
How shulde I able be of you to take the charge?
But if that I conueyed were strayte out of thys lande,
And safe in my countrey were, I wyll ye vnderstande,
And kyng were of the same, none on the earth but you
Shulde be the crowned quene therof, to God I make a vow.
What auayleth thys my talke? to what purpose speake I thys?
Sith I know ryght well of you that I shall mys.
Loue not I can not chuse, my harte doth cause me so,
Or els opprest wᵗ carkes and cares I think wold breake in to.

V. 383. This word is conjectural.

Now you haue herd my case, consyder well the same,
Culd you loue an Englyshman, or do you hate the name?
In south be you assured, that if you can me fauor,
And unto husband take, I lyst not now to glauor;
And euen as I loue you, so to loue me agayne,
You shall diminish all my grief, sorow, thought, and payne;
I shall you not forget whilon that I lyue,
Vnles I speake euen as I think, neuer may I thryue!
Therwith he wepyng fast, the teares distillyng fro
Hys eyes, gaue her a Judas kysse: alas, why dyd he so?
When she had herd hym speake the wordes exprest before,
Thynkyng no lesse in dede but that he longed sore,
And doted in her loue, hauyng no mystrust,
But thought by hys perplexitie that he was very iust;
Her tendre hart then melted to see hym in that case,
Wept and sobbed wondrous sore, that for a certen space
She cold not speake one word for sheddyng teares so fast,
Her hart she thought immediately wold verely haue brast.
When she had ceced her wepyng, and thagony was past,
Pausyng with herselfe a while sayd unto hym at last:

Where yt you wysh your chaũce had bene before this
to be slaine,
No cause there is ywys that dye you shuld so fayne;
And that your dobble improsoment you lay vnto my
charge,
It lyeth in my pouer to set you now at large;
For whither you loue your contrey, and set but lyght
by me,
Or whyther you loue us both alyke, I can now set
you free: 410
And in accusyng me to hate the Englysh name,
Without a tryall of the same, indede you are to blame.
To aunswere you therfore as dyrectly as I can,
I had rather marry you then a Scottysh man;
And plyght me here your troth, for so I thinke it best,
And I shall do the same, and graunt you your request.
Leade me with you home, and there do you me wed,
According to your Englysh lawes, to bourd and eke
to bed;
Money for your charges ynough I shall prepare,
And for your sake the residue shall the better fare.
He swore vnto her othes ryfe that all thinges shuld
be so.
Well, sayd she, to morrow night we foure away wyll go.
So when the nyght appoynted cam, the yayler toke
hys rest,
Hys doughter tooke of money as much as she thought
best,

The keyes she stale away, that lay vnder his hedde,
The prison gate then openyng, away them three she ledde.
Which when they were escaped theyr peryll and theyr payne,
As crafty kaytyfes, worthy death, dyd send her back agayne.
Ye moderators of the scoles, ye iudges of the bench,
Was not this a heynous cryme, to vse a loving wench,
Who for very loue of one dyd make them al so free,
And well contented was with hym away to flee,
Leuyng countree, father, mother, brother, kyf and kyn?
But when she was betrayed, what sorow was she in!
Fyrst, what was her fathers gryef, the prisoners beyng lost,
What sorow to his harte, and to his purse what coste!
And when he knew hys doughter to be ledde way,
In what a traunce was he, no man I think can saye.
Hys wyfe, and eke his sonne, and all the wenches kyn,
Lamented much and dyd bewayle her foolysh parte therin.
And the sely wench was in worst case of all,
Not knowing for her life on her what shuld befall,
Wherfore she went not home agayne, for feare as I do gesse,
But ledde her lyfe tyll death dyd come in wofull heavynes.

Thus may ye se exprest the nature here of men,
And yet they wyll affirme women worse then them.
Vyrgyll once appoynted to haue layen a woman by,
Perswaded her therto there was no remedy:
And when that she perceyued that he wold haue no nay,
So that you come this night (saith she) I wyl your mīd obay:
I myselfe do lye (quod she) in a chaumbre hye,
And my husband lieth beneth in a chambre bye;
Wherfore I can not well deuyse how in you may be brought,
No kynde of way but only thus, which now I haue be thought:
I wyll let doune a basket, by a corde perdee,
Insides wherof you sitting in shalbe drawen vp to mee.
Vyrgyll trusting so his purpose to obtayne,
According as it was agreed at night he cam agayne,
Where he founde the basket, by a lyne let downe in dede,
And quyckly leping in, trusted well to spede.
When knowledge that she had aboue that Vyrgyll was therin,
She plucked hym halfe way up, that donne, to make a pyn

V. 456. These words are supplied on conjecture, the original being mutilated.

Of woode, or some lyke thing, she put her selfe in ure,
Wherunto she tyed the rope, for slydyng made it sure;
So that Vyrgyll when no way escape knew how he myght,
Of force he was constrayned there to tarry all the nyght,
Untyll the next morninge that it was brode lyght daye:
There when that he espyed was al folkes at hym had playe.
Thus it is ryght euydent, and manifestly shewede,
That women are ryght honest, and men are very lewede.
As touching the apparayll now, which women vse to weare,
Theyr verdyngalles and cassockes, the perting of their heare,
Wherwith that they waxe proude, our Poet sayth sure,
At home lyke dyuelles they be, abrode lyke aungelles pure.
These thinges lawfull to be, and tolerable toe,
By reasons good and probable I shal it strayt wayes shoe:
A woman having nothing but at her husbandes hande,
That he thus maynteneth her it may now welbè skande.

Who is then in moost fauot? who ought to bear the blame?
Not she that weareth them, but he that byeth the same.
Tollerable, notwithstanding, that such apparayle is,
What harme lyed hydde therein, I wolde fayne knowe but this;
First to a cassocke (I am sure) lesse cloth they do allowe,
Then to a gowne or frocke, wherfore consyder now,
More profyt is it farre, lesse cost also perdye,
Honest therfore his, it can none other be;
For Tully in his Offices sheweth by wordes exprest,
That nothing can be profitable onles it be honest.
To the parting of theyr heare, and showing of the same,
Since men do the lyke thyng, why beare they then no blame?
In combing of theyr berdes, in strokyng them full ofte,
In wassyng them with wassyng balles, in lookyng all alofte,
In plaitting of them diuers wayes, in byndyng thē in bande,
Wherein their hole delyght alwayes consystes and standes.

No meruayle then though women, lerning it of men,
Do combe and plat theyr heare, and dresse it nowe and then.
Yet women be dispraysed, where men are moost in faute,
Exāples such to gyue theyr wyues, which they acōpt so naught.
Yf a precher shulde vs teach drunkennes to shun,
And hedlong to that vyce he hymselfe shuld run,
Who were in most fault, who were most worthy blame,
He that herde the sermon, or he that preced the same?
As touchīg now theyr verdingalles, which do men much offēde,
I deferre them not tyll now as hard for to defende;
For as men in thother thinges haue bene in greatest cryme,
So can I not holde them excused at thys present tyme.
Who first inuented vardingalles, it must be called to mynde,
And by whom also they were made we must in lyke wyse fynde?
Taylers (as I gesse) were the first founders then;
What kynde of people be they, women or els men?

The most of all our fashyons of garmentes whiche
we vse,
Of what so euer sorte they be, playne or els dyffuse,
Straungers them inuent, of straungers them we lerne,
As by our Spanysh hose and shoes, a man may well
dyscerne;
The Frenche gownes and the Duche, which women
vse to were,
And also theyre French hoodes, theym broddyng of
theyr heare,
From Fraunce and Flaũders fet were by merchandes
of our lande;
They tought their wiues to were ye sawe, it may be
understãde,
For women travaill not to see the countreyes farre,
For although they wolde, theyr husbandes yet wold
thẽ therof quite barre;
But if there be a noueltye chaũced in Almayne,
Fraunce, Flaunders, Italy, Portyngale, or Spayne,
Or any other regyons, where men haue ledde theyre
lyues,
At theyre cõmyng home they declare it to theyre
wyues;
And some, for lacke of newes, some thinges they do
deuyse,
Accompting it a shame, there be some so precyse,

V. 518. *sawe—same?*

To knowe nothing at all, and so long tyme to spende,
Wherfore to bring home nouelties they alwayes do entend.
And tollerable it ys (the south to say) in those
That a yoyrney vnto Rome vnto themselfes haue chose,
Or thei that come from thence, as one doth specyfye,
May tell a lye or twayne by Rome's authoritie.
What pride can the pore verdyngalles increase in women kynde,
The stuf that goeth to the same is easy for to fynde,
Is fustian or buckram, lystes and eke redde cloth,
A costly thing, I promise you, that men shuld be so wroth.
Suppose they be of veluet, sylk, or cloth of gold,
What wytty man is he therwith fynd fault that wold?
Although for money often times there is debat and strife,
And for the same many a man in time hath lost hys lyfe,
Yet money is not euyl, nor ought to beare no blame,
The only fawt remaineth in them that do mysuse the same.
So garmentes, I affirme, what soeuer that they be,
Are decent for all wemenkinde, regarding theyre degre.

As sone may a man in a begger fynd
As proude an hart as in a lorde, which groweth out of kind;
The prouerbe semeth contrary to iudge pryde in the lord,
For euyl doth a lordes hart and a beggers purse accord.
Where excessyue talke is layd to womens charge,
And that men cast it in theyr teeth, theyr tōgues to run at large;
Graunt it so to be, as it is not verely,
But that they be thus slaundred, alas, what remedy?
Yet were it but a small fault, in authors syd we fynde,
True to be and credyble, wordes to be but winde.
Theyr tonges I think offended haue on earth no lyuing man,
And if thei had for that, that men neyther will nor can
With them once beare, how farre they run a straye
Ye shal perceyue, if that ye note Sainct Peter, who doth saye:
Ye men bere with your wyfes, which weker vesselles be,
But yet the weke the burden bere, as ye may herby see:
Many husbandes, all the day sytting at the wyne,
At night comyng relyng home, as dronken as are swyne,

V. 553. *syd—since?*

Theyr wyfes therof ashamed be, and thē strayt way exhort
At home to tarry and be merry, to flee all such resort;
Wherwith the men waxe angry, theire wyfes be so bold,
And if they speake a lytle laud, men say strait away they skold;
Wherfore I meruaile much, and so do moe then I,
That women beare so great a blame, and no cause to be why:
And fynally, to conclude, I haue the greater ruth,
That innocētes shuld slaūdred be, but time shall trye the truth. 570

¶ FINIS.

¶ THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

Goe for thou lytle booke, looke with a smilyng cheare,
To women shalt thou wellcome be, therof thou nedest not feare.
Yf it be thy chaunce our English courte to see,
Then vnto our ladyes there I great them well by the;
Or if it be thy pleasure in London to remayne,
Behaue thy selfe so honestly, that none do the disdayne;

Or whither best it lyketh the in the wyld cuntree
To dwell, or euery where a suierner to be
To maidens, wydowes, wyues of euery degree,
Obedient be, and be vnto them commaunded haue thou me.
If any man do happen, in contrey or in toune,
For prasing women kind on the to cast a froune,
Thus mayst thou aunswere well, that all thou hast sayd,
Are so true and manifest, thei can not be denayed.
Some agayne perchaunce wyll fynd fault with thy style,
As rough, rude, and barbarous, nedyng the smitthes fyle:
Tell them that neyther age nor wyt that is in me,
Can make a booke more eloquent then this which now they se.
Good wyll was it enforced me to wryte this lytle booke,
Let the readers then therof on the meanyng looke;
With myndes indifferent let them the same well vewe,
Then shall they well perceyue and see that I haue written trewe:
Whych yf they shall denye, theyr errour wyll appeare,
For Leuy, Vyrgyll, Ovyd, will witnes with me beare.
Of thother thinges which are in thys treatyse shewen,
Some of them haue I harde, the other haue I knowen,

The resydue by reason debated haue I well,
As I do gesse at least wyse, that learned be can tell.
If any thing vndicent or rude be in my ryme,
Let them impute the same to bryefnes of the tyme.
If flattery alleged be, and layde vnto my charge,
That to please women kynde I haue written so large
In the disprayse of men, which I ought not haue dun,
For that I am a man, and into daunger run.
Perhaps I am, yet let men note well this one thinge,
That they that I haue named haue bene of vicious lyuinge;
As Adam and Æneas, wyth the three Englysh men
That in Scotland prysoners were, let us merke well then
The actes of all these fyue, for which I haue them blamed;
In Oxforde, in Cambridge, I think not one that named
Myght be, whych coulde by reason good defende,
Or theyre lewde pagentes played so much as ones cõmende;
For soner may a man by sophystry well proue,
The mouse and the olyphant very well to loue,
Betwene foxes and gese perpetuall amyte,
To wofes and the lambes vnfaynede frendes to be,
Then theyr deceytes to women kinde, before by me exprest,
May by any learned man be proued to be honest:

I do not therfore repent myselfe that I haue on me take
Thys lyght and easy enterprise for all good womens sake;
Although I know assuredly that diuers wyl euyl talke,
I am nothing dismayde therwith; syth God on earth dyd walke,
And coulde not please nor satisfye all men no kynde of waye;
Shall I then looke to do that thing that God cold not do? naye:
Wherfore though good men do it prayse, and euyll do discōmende,
It forceth not (the truth to saye) and thus I make an ende.

FINIS.

THE

Proude Wyues Pater noster,

THAT

WOLDE GO GAYE, AND VNDYD HER HUSBONDE,
AND WENT HER WAYE.

At a period when attacks on the softer sex were considered as a favourable subject for the muse, we cannot wonder that ingenuity was set to work in the fabrication of titles which might prove alluring to the multitude. Hence only can we account for the quaintness of that to the following little poem, which although possessing less humour than the Schole Howse of Women, is also less coarse in its invective, and not so general in its satire. The author is unknown, as that species of caution which actuated the party who wrote the above-mentioned poem, probably deterred the writer of the tract in question from meeting the obloquy which the nature of his attack would have called down on him, if personally and publicly known.

This work does not appear to have been often printed. In the Bodleian library it occurs, in the Selden volume before mentioned. For this reprint however I am indebted to my kind friend Mr. Douce, who also pointed out to my notice a passage in the Biographia Dramatica, in which a play, called the "Proud Wives Pater noster," is stated to have been entered on the stationers' book in 1559. *This however in all probability alludes to the poem in question, as the date of it appears to be in the following year, when it was printed by John Kynge.*

This tract occupied a place in the curious collection of Captain Cox, the mason, of Kenilworth.

The Proude Wyues Pater noster.

On hye feest dayes whan wyues go gaye
To chyrche with grete deuocyon,
Theyr prayers deuoutly for to saye,
Theyr thynkynge is on thys lesson:
Or they go forth themselfe to trym,
Both heed and brest, on foote and hande,
I swere to you, by swete Saynt Sym,
Thēselfe they thynke angels well to vnderstāde.

Theyr beauteous behauyour, and cõtenaũce demure,
They thynke full pleasaunt for to beholde,
But for to go gay ye may be sure
They muse full often and many folde;
And how they myght best to passe brynge,
Eche as gorgyous as other to go
In theyr aparell, gyrdell, and rynge,
And other trym knackes many mo.

To chyrche they be come, this is no lye,
Vnto theyr pewe there for to knele,
Reuerence doynge to the otherby,
With countenaũce meke, and becometh thẽ wele;
Than syt they downe, eche gossep other by,
Beholdynge theyr aparell of eyther syde,
Yf the one be gaier than the other that doth espie,
Than she thynketh her felowe set all full of pryde.

Yet to her deuocyon she dothe her set,
And *Paternoster* she doth begyn;
But to gay gere her hert doth fret,
And thynketh how she may such gay gere wyn,
Sayenge to her selfe, what fortune haue I,
That my felow so gorgyous is in her gere,
And I syte here so poorely her by?
But it shalbe amended, by God I swere.

¶ *Qui es in cœlis*—and that within shorte whyle,
Or elles my husbande full sore it shall repent,
For I can nought gete of him by fete nor whyle,
But all shall be myne now that I in hãde cã hent
From him alway, whatsoeuer betyde,
Tyll I be arayde as other women be;
I wolde not haue ought for no maner pryde,
But only bycause it is a good syght to se.

¶ *Sanctificetur nomen tuum*—
Lorde halowed be thy name,
Yf to such gere I may come,
Than shall I bere bothe porte and fame,
As other women in euery where
Do alwaye where as they do wende
Go feete and fresshe and trymme in theyr gere,
In the best maner as them doth to pretende.

¶ *Adueniat regnũ tuũ*—thy kingdom come to vs
After this lyfe whan we hens shall wende;
But whyle we be here now, swete Jesus,
As other woman haue suche grace in me sende,
That I may haue, Lorde, my heede into wrap,
After the guyse kerchefes that be fyne,
And theron to sette some lusty trymme cap,
With smockes wel wrought, soude wth sylkẽ twyne.

¶ *Fiat voluntas tua*—thy wyll fulfylled be,
Lorde God, alway as thys tyme doth requyre;
And as my gossep, that sytteth here by me,
So let me be trymmed, nought elles I desyre;
Therfore yf it may be in any wyse,
For thou hast power therof to do thy wyll,
To make me go gay after the best guyse,
For reason it is with ryght good skyll.

¶ *Sicut in celo et in terra*—in heuen as in erthe,
It is alway sene, go we neuer so ferre,
That women aboue all the beaute bereth,
And without gay gere our beaute we marre;
Therfore, good Lorde, let thys be a mended,
And gay gere to were that I may haue,
Or elles my lyfe wyll haue an ende,
For very pure thought nought can me saue.

¶ *Panem nostrum cotidianum*—
Our dayly brede, Lorde, wyll also do wel;
But of dyuers cornes I haue many a corne
At home in my barne for to sell;
But therwith, Lorde, I dare not mell,
For feare of my husbande that kepeth me so hard,
A bushell therof I dare not sell,
For yf he wyste the game ware marde.

¶ *Da nobis hodye*—gyue vs thys daye,
And specially me, my Lorde, that am heuy at hert,
Tyll I haue my wyll Lorde; a parte, I saye,
Of my desyre, Lorde, or elles I must lyue in smarte.
With that full maruaylously can she syght,
And in a swone halfe gan she fall;
Her felowe beholdynge that wofull wyght,
And wondred full sore than here with all.

¶ *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra*—now
Mercy, good Lorde, and forgyuenes; what is thys?
I was neuer thys afrayde, I make God a vow;
Good Lorde, sayd she, than what meaneth thys?
And her lyttell fynger than wronge she fast,
Her to reuyue, and gaue her swete spyce;
So she vp sterte than at the laste
Lyke a trym gossyp that fayne wolde be nyce.

¶ *Sicut et nos dimittimus debytoribus nostris*—
As we do forgyue, Lorde, so let vs be forgyuen.
And than to her she dyd saye without mys,
Ye had a shrode fyt, by swete Saynt Steuen;
Gossyp myn, how is it wyth you nowe,
What is your grefe, now I you pray?
Yf I can ease you, by God anowe,
I wyll be redy both nyght and daye.

¶ *Et ne nos inducas in temptacionem*—
Let vs fall into no temptacyon now.
With that the other reuyued then,
Ryght sore dysmayde ye me trow,
And to eche other they gan say:
Why be ye thus sad, my gossep dere?
Tell me the cause now, I you praye,
For yf it lay in me now I wil amende your chere.

¶ *Sed lybera nos a malo*—delyuer vs from all yll,
Raggis and iaggis, this wyfe gan to reherse.
Yf I may not go gay I shall my selfe spyll,
I pray you, gossep dere, vnderstād well this verse;
My husbonde is harde to me bothe day and nyght,
And doth me not regarde, but let me go euē thus,
Not as other do, but as a wretched wyght,
But yet it shalbe mēded, I hope by swete Jesus.

¶ *Amen*—sayd the other, I pray God it be so,
For ye haue good ynought, this I do know well,
Of good marchaundyse, so mote I the,
As any is here in this countre to sell
For his degre, but he is afrayde
That he sholde passe his state or loke on hawt,
Than behynde your backes it shulde be sayd,
Yf he fore amys that it were all your fawt.

But cõpetenly take the thyrde peny of his gayne,
And bye therwith both kyrtell and gowne,
Than yet shall ye leaue hym alway twayne,
So do we most parte throughout the towne;
Or elles we shold neuer haue halfe our gayes
That we haue ywys, ye may be sure,
But properly thus we fynde the wayes,
With ringes and beedes to go full demure.

Rybandes of sylke, that be full longe and large,
With tryangles trymly made point deuyse,
For some folke it were full grete charge,
Therfore all thynge by mesure by myn aduyse;
But as for you ye may be bolde
To do somwhat more than other maye;
Yet it wold make your husbondes herte full colde,
If he so harde be and wretched as ye saye,

That he may not se you go as other do,
And haue it so well as he hath in store;
I wolde haue my fyne hoose, and eke my trym sho,
With other knackes many a score:
Yf I were as you be, I fayth I swere,
Somwhat sholde be solde yᵗ he shold not knowe;
Ye haue to sell so dyuers gere
He can not know all, by God I trowe.

Yet may I reioyce alway ywys,
For my husbonde is glad whan I go trym,
He wolde thynke I dyd full sore a mys
Yf I wente not fresshe by swete Saynt Sym;
He doth reioyce in my gay gere
Whan he do se me put it on,
And wolde I shulde it often were,
For I shall haue newe whan myn is done.

O, good Lorde! happy be ye
That haue so good a husbonde, by God in throne,
Among a hundreth ye shall not fynde thre
Of all our neyghbours that hath such a one;
Yf God wolde that myne were as your is,
I wolde be as mery as byrde on brere,
But hys herte is so set on couetyse ywys
That he can neuer be of good chere,

And than causeth me often for to wepe;
Whan I thynke on hys vnkyndenes so grete
I can not ete, nor drynke, nor slepe,
For grete heuynes my herte dothe bete;
But throught your counsayle, my gossep dere,
I hoppe the better for to spede,
And for to go gayer another yere,
With myrth and ioye my lyfe to lede.

That I may be accepted with euery man
Whiche me beholdeth bothe ferre and nere,
Without your helpe no rede I can,
But by your good counsayle amende is my chere;
Thys hole in you my hope I sete,
And without you I am but dede,
Lusty fresshe gere how I may gete,
And to go trym in lusty wede.

Well, gossep, than do after me,
And ye shall neuer repente ywys,
I swere to you by Mary so fre,
All shalbe well that nowe is amys:
Beware of one thinge, your tõgue go not to large,
And forbere your husbonde whan he is grame,
Speke neuer to hym of suche charge
With euyll mode, for that were shame.

Yf ye of hym wyll suche thynge haue
As ye desyre for to go gay,
With louynge countenaunce ye must it craue,
And with fayre wordes to hym say:
My husbonde dere, I you requyre
Take no displeasure with my worde,
Whatsoeuer of you I do desyre;
But this must be done in bed or at borde.

My louely husbonde, my spouse most dere,
To you I must nedes talke my mone,
As reason requyreth ye be my fere,
And no body elles but you alone;
Thus I must desyre you with all my herte
Take no dyspleasure whateuer I saye,
For yf ye do it wyll me smarte,
And for thought I shall dye, this is no nay.

Whan he this hereth, than he wyll muse
And meruell what your request wyll be;
Yf he be gentyll he wyll not refuse
No reasonable thynge, I hope perde:
Ye shall than say, ye lacke that or this,
And begyn with that thynge y^{t} ye haue most nede,
I dare say than, withouten mys,
The sooner of hym than ye shall spede.

With small tryfels ye must begyn
Of hym to get gay gere in store,
Or elles of hym ye shall nought wyn;
And thus may ye dayly encrease
Of gorgyous gere grete plente to haue,
And all with his good wyll, for that is best;
Yf ye it so get, so God me saue,
Than may ye were it with peas and rest.

Yf he do not gyue you than good comforte
  Speke ye no more, but than be styll,
But streyght to his wares resorte,
  And therof take ye what ye wyll;
Yf he play the chorle, playe ye the same,
  And let hym nat know no more of your mynde:
God gyue all chorles makyll shame,
  That to theyr wyues be vnkynde.

Yf he be gentyll take noughe hym fro,
  Lytell nor moch, whatsoeuer betyde,
For yf ye do it wyll tourne you to wo,
  Than folke wyll say that it cometh of pride;
Se what debate this folke haue nowe,
  And all bycause the wyfe wolde go gay;
I swere to you by God auowe,
  Ye were better byde styll in your olde arraye.

Therfore beware, be not ratshe
  To do or saye that shulde hym dysplease,
But yf he be churlysshe, gyue hym a dasshe,
  Thoughe euer after it shulde hym dysease:
Amonge his wares spare not at all,
  For halfe is yours as well as his,
Therfore as nowe counseyll I shall
  Gyue vnto you by heuyns blysse:

V. 233, *noughe—nought?*

To do euen so, and be not afrayde,
For lefe nor locke, why chulde ye not,
The faute wyll all to hym be layde,
Of any one that hereth that,
That he so chorlyshe to you is ay,
And wyll not be frendly as other be,
Grete shame of him than wyll they say,
So to be serued well worthy is he,

And worse, be god withouten fable,
Yf worse may be by any meane,
Consydrynge that he is not vnable,
It ought on you for to be sene,
Somwhat better for very pure shame
Than it is now by reason and ryght;
For he is worthy to haue the blame
Yf he wyll be suche a wretched wyght.

He cannot haue to moch displeasure,
That hath a yonge wyfe and wyll not her tryn;
I wysshe them care and sorow out of measure,
And specially them that be lyke vnto hym.
Myrrours of myschefe, we may them call,
That kepe theyr wyues so bare and poore;
To many one it dothe befall
Thrugh such menes to make a good wyfe a hore.

An hore! ye may it swere by God aboue,
They may be wretches that so do,
Which causeth theyr wyues to chose new loues,
Thought it sholde tourne them to great wo;
So vylaynus they be in euery where
Vnto theyr wyues in euery houre and tyde,
Yf theyr wyues do go ought trym in theyr gere,
They say they do it than for gret pryd.

And all this is but ialousy, God wote,
That thys doth cause, I know it well;
Hangeth be such husbondes by the throte,
Or elles the deuyll cary them away to hel,
That ialous be, eyther erly or late,
Vpon theyr good wyues that be so meke,
God sẽde thẽ stryfe and euer debate,
And a vengeaũce vpon them both day and weke.

As for my husbonde I nede not to craue,
But fystes and staues, yf I wyll optayne,
Ynoughe of them I may soone haue,
Thus dare I not speake for feare of payne;
For no such thynges, but I knowe another,
I shall from hym stele both day and nyght;
I swere to you, by Goddes dere mother,
His bagges I hope to make full lyght.

Yf he may not se me than go gay,
I thynke not long to tary here,
But pryuele to gather what I may,
And chose me than another fere,
For I cannot lyue this in wretchednes,
I wyll leue hym bare ynow;
It is to me great heuynes
To lede this lyfe, I make God auowe.

With that, all seruyce in the chyrch was done,
Then wyues homewarde dyd take the waye,
For fast it drewe than towarde none,
And so they departed, and adewe gan say.
Whan she came home, thys sory wyfe,
Her husbonde full mery there dyd she fynde,
She coulde no longer abyde for her lyfe,
But nedes vnto hym she must breke her mynde.

To proue whether he wolde be to her kynde
She gan him flatter after the newe guyse,
And soone her hert she gan vnbynde,
Sayenge to hym that in this wyse:
My spouse moost worthy, my husbonde dere,
I pray you take it for no grefe,
Whatsoeuer of you I do desyre,
But gyue my herte now some relefe,

As I hope ye wyll, and therto be glad,
And say me not nay, whatsoeuer befall,
And than for euer I must be sad,
Thus in your hande it doth lay all.

My truste is hole in you set,
So many wyues in thys parysshe be
That go full lustly and trym set,
A pleasure for theyr husbondes it is to se;
And now methynke ye be well moued,
Wherfore the bolder I to you speke,
As to myne herte moost best beloued,
Or elles asonder myne herte wolde breke.

Desyrynge you with mynde and wyll
To gyue me now some goodly gay gere,
Some lusty newes my backe to hyll,
With gyrdelles and rynge for your loue to were;
As other women do for theyr husbondes loue,
So let me do for yours I pray,
Than wyll ye bynde me myselfe to moue
Grete good of you alway to saye.

I am not able to performe your wyll,
In gyuynge to you that I not haue,
It is neyther reason, nor yet good skyll,
Suche thynges of me now for to craue;

Ye se yourselfe that I do spare,
And with symple clothes that I do go,
Honesty wolde ye sholde helpe me care,
And lykę in parell that we sholde go.

Let vs lyue as we haue done ere,
And passe not our bownes in no degre
To put ourselfe in great daungere,
For your small pleasure it were great pite.
How cometh now such thynges in your mynde,
That ye desyre me to do such cost,
Ye spende your labour and wynde,
And all your wordes be but lost.

Alacke, good wyfe, were thys your wyll,
For to go gaye aboue your estate,
And wolde be glad to fulfyll
All your desyre yf it were not to late;
But I am ferre behynde the hande,
As now, dere wyfe, more than I say,
An hundred pounde, ye shall vnderstande,
Within this moneth I must nedes pay.

Towarde the same, wyfe, I ne haue
Twenty pound, in syluer nor golde,
Which doth make, so God me saue,
Whan I theron thynke myn herte full colde:

Therfore, good wyfe, take therof no grefe,
For I am not able as the tyme requyre,
Excepte I sholde therof be a thefe,
And that I thynke ye wyll not desyre;

For that were a shame, I tell you playne,
As well for you as it for me;
With shame for my trespas I shode be slayne,
And hanged full hye vpon a tre;
Than men wolde say, there hangeth a thefe,
Which wolde than full sore greue your herte;
It is no nede for to acheue
A shamfull name that wolde vs cause to smarte.

Thus answere she had, this good wyfe,
That her herte sonke into her hose,
And wery she was ryght sore of her lyfe,
But with her husbonde she dyd no more glose.
Sodeynly she set her handes on her syde,
And sayd: thou caytyfe, God gyue the wo;
I tell the playne, it is for no pryde,
But onely with other wyfes for to go,

That was myn entent, and nothynge elles;
But seynge it wyll no otherwyse be,
I shall make the a hode, and set it full of belles,
Which shalbe marked in all this countre.

Though euery man knew it, I set not a flye,
And what I do now I ne care,
Within shorte whyle thou shalte well spye
That I make thy bagges full bare.

With that from the borde thys wyfe gan go,
And bad hym beware of her euyll wyll,
She sayd for euer she wolde be his fo,
And do her best hym for to spyll;
Therto she wolde laboure both day and nyght,
With all the helpe that she coude make;
And that she coude get with mayne and myght
Another sholde spende it for his sake.

The man was wroth herewith ywys,
And wondred full sore what his wyfe ayled,
He toke vp hys hande and hym dyd blys,
Wenynge to hym that her wyttes had fayled;
But it was not so, on myschefe she was,
The deuyll hymselfe coude not her tourne,
Though he with staues her sholde haue bet,
Which made full sore his hert to mourne.

Than was he bewayled all in wo,
Ryght pyteously he dyd complayne,
Thynkynge alway what hys wyfe myght do,
Hym thought for sorow his herte was slayne:

Bycause hys wyfe was set on rage,
What best was to do he hym bethought,
Her furyous anger to aswage,
Her mynde he perceyued was set to nought.

Fayne he wolde her let, this good honest man,
And kepe her in goodnes, as he had done ere:
Alas! he sayd, no rede I can,
Of myne vndoynge I stande in feare;
That she wyll me robbe by day and nyght,
Than farewell my ioye and my solas;
Many a man hath wronge and moch vnright
Thrugh theyr false wyues, alas! alas!

And so am I lyke me doth thynke,
For such one is able a man to marre;
For thought I can neyther ete nor drynke,
So sore is my hert set now in care;
Yet wyll I not my selfe caste awaye,
Though she wyll be lewde and also bad,
With costly garmentes I wyl not ray,
For my destruction to make her glad.

I thynke she hath founde some vilaine knaue,
That wyll helpe her to cary away my store;
Yet I trust that God wyll me saue,
And preserue me from her daunger for euer more:

For a cursed wyfe is worse than a fende,
  Yf I me blesse he can me not dere,
But this cursed wyfe, whereuer I wende,
  Putteth me in doubte and great fere.

Wherfore I dare not go out of the dore,
  Lest she me begyle, and go her waye
With some lewde knaue to play the hore,
  And me vndo for euer and aye:
Yet to my curate I wyll hye,
  And shewe hym of my grefe what I do ayle,
To knowe yf he remedy
  Me of my wo, or ought me auayle.

In this meane whyle hys wyfe was gone
  Vnto her gossep to shewe her grefe.
The good man founde hymselfe alone,
  Withouten comforte or relefe,
Than streyght to the chyrche he gan hym dresse
  Vnto the curate, which he there founde
All redy reuest goynge to messe,
  And towarde the aulter he was bounde.

This man abode tyll masse was done
  For to take counsayle of hys curate dere;
Whan he hym met ryght soone anone
  He made his mone with heuy chere,

After all gretynges to hym thus he sayd:
Syr, I you requyre of counsayle nowe,
My wyfe doth make me so sore dysmayde,
That I am lyke to dye, I make God auowe.

With shorte conclusyon his mater he tolde,
How it began and how it befell
Twene hym and his wyfe, yt made his herte colde:
But euer the preest bad hym do well,
And God sholde helpe hym euer at his nede,
Yf he dyd trust vnto his grace,
Alway the better sholde he spede,
And heuen at the last he sholde purchase.

Yf she wyll be nought, and not amende,
And thou entende euer well to do,
Good grace God shall vnto the sende,
Whan she shall lyue in care and wo.
Go thy way home, and take no thought,
But euer take hede what so befall,
For such one as doth set her to nought,
To vndo a man she careth not at all.

This man dyd after the curates rede,
And home full soone he dyd hym hast;
But whan he came there his herte dyd blede,
He spyed that his labour was all in wast,

And that his wyfe had ben there before
And spoyled all that she myght cary
Of shorte endes and money that he had in store,
No legger with him that she wolde vary.

Thus was the good man vndone for euer:
God gyue all such wyues care,
For after that day he saw her neuer,
But of his welth she made hym bare.
Now Jesu, that is heuen kynge,
Graũte all good wyues, that fayne wolde do well,
The ioyes of heuen at theyr endynge,
And to be preserued from the paynes of hell.

Such *Pater noster* some wyues do say;
Another were better for theyr soule helth,
As here doth folow so sholde ye pray,
And than ye sholde euer lyue in welth.

¶ Here after foloweth the golden Pater noster of Deborgon.

THE Father of heuen omnipotent,
Of nought all this worlde dyd create;
In Paradyse he made Adam a pure innocent,
And for his comforte Eue to hym was assocyate;
The serpent by fraude made them obstynate,
Wherby they loste their mansyon, joye, and blysse,
Tyll by thy mercy they were regenerate—
Pater noster qui es in celis.

O blessed Lorde, of thy grete boũtye and goodnesse,
That sent thyne owne Sonne to be incarnate
The orygynall synne of Adam to redresse
By vertue of deth of Chryst immaculate;
Which is our brother by proue cartyfycate,
And thou our father throughout Chrystendome,
Wherfore let vs merely without debate
Synge—*Sanctificetur nomen tuum.*

Chryst Jesu our kynge, and his mother dere,
Be in our nede our socour and comforte,
Oure soules from synne to preserue clere,
That the flame of charyte in vs reporte;

To whom that we may resorte
With blysful armony bothe all and summe,
Swete Jesus for vs exhorte
That vnto us—*Adveniat regnum tuum.*

Infuse vs with grace, Lorde, in contynaunce,
In euery malady, pouerty, and tribulacyon;
Perfite pacyence to kepe thy perseueraunce
For any wrongfull trouble or vexacyon,
That we without grudge or exclamacyon
Say and pray—*Fiat voluntas tua,*
Hygh and low thy myghti operacyon,
So be it *sicut in celo et in terra.*

Vpon Shore Thursday thy dyscyples thou fedde
In fourme of brede wyth thyne owne deite,
By vertue of the wordes of thy godhed
Bade them thyne owne body accipite,
And eate, which, for you berrayed shalbe,
A preseruatyf agaynst deth moost holsome,
Our peticyon, good Lorde—*da nobis hodye*
That same *panem nostrum cotidianum.*

Whan mortall sinne had vs deuoured,
And haue forgoten thy holy conuersacyon,
Yet let vs not vtterly be confounded
Whom thou demyd by thy byter passion,

But wasshe vs with penaunce by full contrycyō,
Thou one and thre *trinitas sancta,*
Whan we requyre the by proclamacyon—
Et dimitte nobis debita nostra.

Yf any creature hath vs offended
And trespasset, forgyue we all those,
That theyr offence may be amēded,
Our mercy and pyte to them dysclose.
That whan to God our passage purpose,
That of his mercy habounde y^{t} we may not mys,
Forgyue vs, good Lorde, *sicut ut nos*
Dimittimus debitoribus nostris.

Another peticion we aske our Father,
That we be not ouercome by temptacion,
But we to Chryst, our owne broder,
Call for ayde, and obtayne remissyon,
And of our synnes clene to haue absolucyon,
By meryte of the bryght sterre of Betheleem,
To whom we pray with humble deuocyon—
Et ne nos inducas in temptacionem.

The Father, the Sonne, and the Holy Ghost,
Thre persons vndeuyded, and one in essence,
Make in vs Trynyte by thy power moost,
Thy body, thy soule, thy godhed in presence;

So conserue vs here in thy absence
To vse well fyue, and obserue tenne,
That deedly synne combre not our conscyence—
Sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

FINIS.

THE

Wife lapped in Morels skin;

OR,

The Taming of a Shrew.

Whether this poem (which is imitated from one of the early French fabliaux) preceded the original play of "Taming a Shrew," may not be considered as of much importance; yet I cannot but suspect, with much deference to the opinions of Dr. Farmer and Mr. Malone, that the mention made by Sir John Harrington, in his Metamorphosis of Ajax, refers to this poem, and not to the old play, and thus affording a strong proof of the popularity of the former. The earliest known edition of the play called the Taming of the Shrew, is that of 1607: *however, another tract, with a similar title, was entered in the stationers' books to be printed in* 1594, *and which latter both the judicious critics above mentioned believe to be the piece alluded to in the Metamorphosis of Ajax. Now, although the entry above mentioned was made, it by no means follows that the book was printed, since it is very common to find entries made in the stationers' books, about that period, not followed up by publication of the articles; and in fact we have no knowledge of any play or other tract with this title, antecedent to the year* 1607, *being in existence, except the poem in question. And as this was printed by Hugh Jackson, who, according to Herbert, printed no book with a date later than* 1590, *it appears highly probable that the Metamorphosis of Ajax, which must have been printed anterior*

to August 1596, *alluded to this poem in the passage wherein the writer says, "For the shrewd wife read the* book *of Taming a Shrew, which hath made a number of us so perfect, that now every one can rule a shrew, save he that hath her."* (*Ed.* 1815. *p.* 95.) *In this passage the word 'book' stands in Dr. Farmer's way, and he therefore combats the objection by alleging that that word, although it does not at present seem dramatick, was once* technically *so. Notwithstanding it appears to have been frequently used with such meaning, yet I must deny its general use, since we find the phrase adapted at the period in question to every description of composition: and it does not therefore seem necessary to have recourse to conjecture to ascertain the meaning of Harrington, when it can be so well attained by accepting the evidence which so obviously presents itself to us.*

It has been conjectured by some, that the author has published his name at the end of the poem; I see no foundation for the supposition: the appellation of 'Charme-her,' there found, is evidently an ironical title, referring to the remedy found so effectual for Taming a Shrew.

This reprint is taken from a copy in 4to. *printed by Hugh Jackson, in the Selden volume, already so frequently mentioned, but which unluckily wants the title-page and sig. A* 4. *A perfect copy is in the*

library of Mr. Heber, through whose friendly assistance I am enabled to supply the defective leaf.

There are several wood cuts throughout the volume, which have little or no connection with the text. It was in Captain Cox's collection.

The Wife lapped in Morels skin.

LYSTEN friendes, and holde you still
Abide a while and dwell:
A mery jest tell you I will,
And how that it befell.
As I went walking vpon a day,
Among my friendes to sporte:
To an house I tooke the way,
To rest me for my comforte.

A greate feast was kepte there than,
And many one, was thereat:
With wyues and maydens, and many a good man,
That made good game and chat.
It befell then at that tyde
An honest man was there:
A cursed dame sate by his syde,
That often did him dere.

His wife she was, I tell you playne,
This dame ye may me trowe:
To play the maister she would not layne
And make her husband bowe.
At euery word that she did speake,
To be peace he was full fayne:
Or else she would take him on the cheeke,
Or put him to other payne.

When she did winke, he durste not stere,
Nor play where euer he wente:
With friend or neighbour to make good chere,
Whan she her browes bente.
These folke had two maydens fayre and free,
Which were their daughters dere:
This is true, beleeue you me,
Of condicions, was none their pere.

The yongest was meeke, and gentle y wys,
Her fathers condicion she had:
The eldest her mothers withouten misse,
Sometime franticke, and sometime mad.
The father had his pleasure in the one alway,
And glad he was her to behold:
The mother in the other, this is no nay,
For in all her curstnesse, she made her bolde.

And at the last she was in fay,
As curste as her mother in word and deede,
Her mischieuous pageauntes sometime to play,
Which caused her fathers heart to bleede.
For he was woe and nothing glad,
And of her would fayne be rid:
He wished to God that some man her had,
But yet to maryage he durst her not bid.

Full many there came the yongest to haue,
But her father was loth her to forgoe:
None there came the eldest to craue,
For feare it should turne them to woe.
The father was loth any man to beguile,
For he was true and iust withall:
Yet there came one within a while,
That her demaunded in the hall.

Another there came right soone also,
The yongest to haue he would be fayne:
Which made the fathers heart full woe,
That he and the yongest should parte in twayne.
But the mother was fell, and might her not see,
Wherefore of her she would haue bene rid:
The yong man full soone she graunted pardy,
Greate golde and syluer, with her she bid.

Saying full soone, he would her haue,
And wedded they were, shorte tale to make:
The father sayd, so God me saue,
For heauinesse and sorrowe, I tremble and quake.
Also his hearte was in greate care,
How he should bestowe the eldest y wys:
Which should make his purse full bare,
Of her he would be rid by heauens blisse.

As hap was that this yong man should
Desyre the eldest withouten fayle:
So maryage he sayd full fayne he would,
That he might her haue for his auayle.
The father said with wordes anon,
Golde and syluer I would thee giue:
If thou her marry, by sweete Saynt John,
But thou shouldest repent it all thy liue.

She is conditioned, I tell thee playne,
Moste like a fiend, this is no nay:
Her mother doth teach her, withouten layne,
To be mayster of her husband another day.
If thou shouldest her marry, and with her not gree,
Her mother thou shouldest haue alway in thy top:
By night and day, that shouldest vex thee,
Which sore would sticke, then in thy crop.

And I could not amend it, by God of might,
For I dare not speake my selfe for my life:
Sometime among be it wrong or right,
I let her haue all for feare of strife.
If I ought say, she doth me treate,
Except I let her haue her will:
As a childe that should be beate
She will me charme, the deuill her kill.

Another thing thou must vnderstande,
Her mother's good will thou must haue also:
If she be thy friend, by sea or by lande,
Amisse with thee, then can it not go.
For she doth her loue with all her minde,
And would not see her fare amisse:
If thou to her dareling could be kinde,
Thou couldest not want, by heauens blisse.

If thou to the mother now wilt seeke,
Behaue thy selfe then like a man:
And shew thy selfe both humble and meeke,
But when thou haste her, doe what thou can.
Thou wotest what I sayd to thee before,
I counsayle thee marke my wordes well:
It were greate pitty, thou werte forlore,
With such a deuillishe fende of hell.

I care not for that, the yong man sayd,
If I can get the mothers good will:
I would be glad to haue that mayde,
Me thinketh she is withouten euell.
Alas! good man, I am sorry for thee,
That thou wilt cast thy selfe away,
Thou arte so gentle and so free:
Thou shalt neuer tame her, I dare well say.

But I haue done, I will say no more,
Therfore farewell, and goe thy way:
Remember what I sayd to thee before,
And beware of repentaunce another day.

¶ How the yong man departed from the Father, and sought to the Mother, for to haue the mayde to marlage.

Now is the yong man come to the dame,
With countenaunce glad, and manners demure:
Saying to her, God keepe you from blame,
With your dere daughter, so fayre and pure.
She welcommeth agayne the fayre yong man,
And bid him come neare, gentle friende:
Full curteously he thanked the good dame than,
And thought her wordes full good and kinde.

Then he began, I shall you tell,
Unto the mother thus to say,
With wordes fayre that become him well
For her deare daughter thus to pray.
Saying, good dame, now by your leaue,
Take it for none euell though I come here:
If you to me good leaue would giue,
With you right fayne would I make good chere.

The dame sayd, syt downe, a while abyde,
Good chere anon than will we make:
My daughter shall sit downe by thy syde,
I know well thou commest onely for her sake.

You say full true forsooth, sayd he,
My minde is stedfastly on her set:
To haue that mayde fayre and free,
I would be fayne if I coulde her get.

The mother thanked him for his good will,
That he her daughter so did desyre:
Saying, I hope you come for none euell,
But in good honesty, her to requyre.
For if ye did, I will be playne,
Right soone it should turne you vnto griefe:
And also your comming I would disdayne,
And bid you walke with a wylde mischiefe.

But surely I take you for none of those,
Your condishons shew it in no wise:
Wherefore me thinke you doe not glose,
I will not counsell you, by mine aduice.
For I loue my daughter as my harte,
And loth I were, I will be playne,
To see her suffer payne and smarte,
For if I did my harte were slayne.

If that thou shouldest another day
My daughter haue, and her good will:
Order her then vnto her pay,
As reason requireth it is good skill.

In women sometime great wisdome is,
And in men full little it is often seene:
But she is wise withouten mis,
From a yong child vp she hath so beene.

Therefore to her thou must audience giue,
For thine owne profite when she doth speake:
And than shalt thou in quiet liue,
And much strife thus shalte thou breake.
Howe sayest thou, yong man, what is thy minde,
Wouldest thou her haue my doughter dere?
Than to her thou must be kinde,
And alway ready to make her good chere.

For an C. li. of money haue thou shalte,
Of syluer and eke of golde so round:
With an C. quarters of corne and malte,
And xl. acres of good ground.
If thou wilt liue with her like a man:
Thou shalte her haue, and this will I giue:
And euer after while I can,
Be thy good mother as long as I liue.

And I will speake to my daughter for thee,
To know if it be her will also:
If she be content, my daughter free,
Then together may ye go.

The mother demaunded her daughter than,
If that she could fynde in her minde,
With all her harte to loue that yong man,
So that he to her would be kinde.

She sayd yea, mother, as you will,
So will I doe in worde and deede:
I trust he commeth for none yll,
Therefore the better may we speede.
But I would haue one that hath some good,
As well as I, good reason is:
Me thinke he is a lusty blood,
But gooddes there must be withouten misse.

The yong man was glad these wordes to here,
And thanked the mother of her good will:
Beholding the mayden with right mild cheare,
And prayed her hartely to be still.
Saying to her then in this wise,
Mine heart, my love, my dearling dere
Take no displeasure of my enterprise,
That I desyre to be your peare.

I am not riche of gold nor fee,
Nor of greate marchandise, ye shall vnderstand:
But a good crafte I haue pardee,
To get our liuing in any land.

And in my heart I can well fynde,
You for to loue aboue all other:
For euermore to you to be kynde,
And neuer forsake you for none other.

Lyke a woman I will you vse,
And doe you honour, as ye should doe me:
And for your sake all other refuse,
As good reason is, it should so be.
By my trouth, but well you say,
And me thinke by your countenaunce ywis:
That ye should not another day,
For no cause deale with me amis.

And in you I hope pleasure to take,
If ye woulde be gentle as ye should:
And neuer none other for your sake,
To marry for a M. pound of gold.
But sometime ye must me a little for[illegible]
For I [illegible] care,
[illegible] am nasty, [illegible] it is soone done:
In my fume I doe nothing feare,
Whatsoeuer thereof to me become.

And I cannot refrayne me in no wise,
For I haue it by nature a parte y wis:
It was wonte to be my mothers guise,
Sometime to be mayster withouten misse.

And so must I, by God, now and than,
Or else I would thinke it should not be well;
For though ye were neuer so good a man,
Sometime among I will beare the bell.

And therefore tell me with words playne,
If ye can be pacient what time it is:
To suffer with me a little payne,
Though that you thinke I doe amisse.
Or else say nay, and make a shorte ende,
And soone we shall asonder departe:
Then at your liberty you may hence wend,
Yet I doe loue you with all my harte.

The yong man was glad of her loue in fay,
But loth he was master her for to make:
And bethought him what her father before did saye,
When he on wooing his iorney did take.
And so consented to all her will,
When he aduised him what he should doe:
He sayd, ye may me saue or spill,
For ye haue my loue, sweete heart, and no moe.

The mother hearing this, for the father sente,
Shewing to him what was befall:
Wherewith he was right well content,
Of their promises in generall.

Upon this greement they departed then,
To prepare all thinges for the feast:
Glad was the bride and her spouse then,
That they were come to this beheast.

¶ Howe the Bryde was maryed with her Father and Mothers good wyll.

The day approched, the time drew neare,
That they should be wedded withouten misse:
The bryde was glad and made good cheare,
For she thought to make greate ioye and blisse.
As that day to tryumphe with games and sporte,
Among her friendes a rule to beare:
And eake with his friendes that thether should resorte,
Thinking that no body might be her peare.

The bridegrome was glad also in fay
As [illegible] vpon the molde:
And to himselfe thus gan he say,
Now shall I receyue an heape of golde,
Of poundes many one, and much goods besyde,
To reioyce my sorrowes, and also my smarte:
I know not her peare in this country so wyde,
But yet I feare alway her proude harte.

She is so syb to the mother withouten fayle,
Which hath no peare that I know:
In all mischiefe she dare assayle,
The boldest archer that shooteth in a bow.
But no force I care not, I wote what I thinke,
When we be wed and keepe house alone,
For a small storme I may not shrinke,
To run to my neighbour, to make my mone.

Soone to the church now were they brought,
With all their friends them about:
There to be maryed as they ought,
And after them followed a full great rout,
With them to offer as custome is,
Among good neighboures it is alway seene:
Full richly deckte withouten mis,
And she thought her selfe, most likest a queene.

Incontinent when the masse was done,
Homeward forsooth they tooke the way
There followeth after them right soone,
Many a tall man and woman full gay.
The fathers and mothers next of all,
Vnto the bridgrome and bryde also:
As to them then, it did befall,
With them that tyde, so for to go.

¶ How the Bryde and her Frendes came from the Church, and were of the Brydegroome at their Feast honestly serued.

When they came home the bordes were spread,
The bride was set at the hye dysse:
Euery one sayd, she had well sped,
Of such a fayre husband as serued her mysse.
The friendes sate about her, on euery syde,
Each in their order, a good syght to see,
The bryde in the middest, with much pryde,
Full richely beseene, she was pardye.

The mother was right glad of this sight,
And fast she did her daughter behold:
Thinking it was a pleasaunt wight,
But alway her fathers heart was cold.
When he remembred what might befall
Of this yong daughter, that was so bold,
He could nothing be merry at all,
But moned the yong man full many a fold.

Beholde how often with countenaunce sad,
Saying to himselfe, alas! this day:
This yong man proueth much worse then mad,
That he hath marryed this cursed may.

Where I haue counsayled him by heauens blisse
That he should not meddle in no wise:
Least he repented withouten misse,
That euer he made this enterprise.

But seeing it is thus, selfe doe selfe haue,
He is worse then mad that will him mone:
For I will no more so God me saue,
But God send him ioy, with my daughter Jone.
She is as curste I dare well swere,
And as angry y wis as euer was waspe:
If he her anger she will him tere,
And with her nayles also him claspe.

What auayleth it to say ought now,
The deede is done, no remedy there is:
Good cheare to make, I make God auowe,
Is now the best withouten misse.
For now is the time it should so be,
To make good game and sporte in fay:
In comforting all this company,
That be assembled here this day.

The father and mother, were dilligent still,
To welcome the friendes both more and lesse:
The yong man did also his good will,
To serue them well at euery messe.

Wherein the mother great pleasure tooke,
And so did the father eake truely,
The bride gaue a friendly looke,
Casting on him a wanton eye.

Then was the brydegrome reioysed sore,
Alway our Lord thanking of his great grace,
Hauing in minde times many a score,
That his bryde shewed him such a fayre place.
The mynstrelles played at euery bord,
The people therewith reioysed right well:
Geuing the bridegrome their good word,
And the bryde also that in bewty did excell.

The time past forth the dinner was done,
The tables were taken vp all:
The brydegroome welcommed them euery ech one,
That were there in the hall.
They thanked him then and the bryde also,
Of their greate cheare they had:
And sware great othes so mote I go,
They were neuer at feast so glad.

Nowe we will remember you or we depart,
As vse and custome doth requyre:
He thanked them with all his harte,
So did both dame and syre.

The bryde to the table agayne was set,
To keepe countenaunce than in deede:
The friendes that were together met,
Be gyfted them richely with right good speede.

The father and the mother fyrst began,
To order them in this wise:
The brydegrome was set by the brydes syde than,
After the countrey guise.
Then the father the fyrst present brought,
And presented them there richly in fay,
With deedes of his land in a boxe well wrought,
And made them his heyres for aye.

He gaue them also of malte and corne,
An hundred quarters and more:
With sheepe and oxen, that bare large horne,
To keepe for household store.
And then came the mother as quick as a bee,
To the brydegrome with wordes smart:
Saying sonne so mote I thee,
I must open to thee my harte.

She gaue them also both carte and plow,
And bid them alway to doe well:
And God should send them good ynow,
If they did marke, what she did tell.

Before the people in this hall,
I will say and to thee rehearse:
An hundred pound now geue thee I shall,
But harken fyrst vnto my vearse.

Thou haste here my daughter deare,
A pleasaunt thing it is:
In all the countrey I know not her peare,
So haue I parte of blisse.
For she is wyse and fayre with all,
And will nothing cast away:
I trow there be now none in this hall,
That better can saue all thing in fay.

Nor better doth know what doth behoue,
Vnto an house or huswiuery,
Then she doth, which causeth me to moue
This matter to thee so busily.
She can carde, she can spin,
She can thresh, and she can fan:
She can helpe thee good to win,
For to keepe thee like a man.

And here is an hundred pound in golde,
To set thee vp, thy crafte to vse:
Wherefore I am playne I would thou should,
In no maner of wise thy selfe abuse.

To striue with my daughter or her to intreate,
For any thing that she shall doe,
Here after my child, therefore to beate,
It should turne playnely, to thy greate woe.

O my deare mother, take no displeasure,
Till you haue cause what so befall,
But vse your selfe alwaye by measure,
For other cause none haue you shall.
My wyfe and I full well shall gree,
I trust to God in throne:
She is my loue and euer shall be,
And none but she alone.

O my deare sonne thou makest me glad,
Which before was full of sorrowe:
For my deare daughter, I was full sad,
But now I say our Lord to borrow.
Thou [redacted] me good comfort, now fare wel care,
Here is thy hundred pound,
I pray God geue thee well to fare,
And kepe thee whole and sound.

I thanke you dere mother the yong man sayd
Of your good gifte and daughter deare:
Me thinkes she is the worthiest mayde,
In all this lande withouten peare.

I hoape to liue with her alway,
So gentelly that she shall fynde,
And you, her mother, I dare well say,
In euery season gentle and kynde.

The people standing them to behold,
Regarded the wordes of the brydegrome than,
And sayd he aunswered with wordes cold,
Which become full well the good yong man.
And then they prest forth ech after other,
With golde and syluer, and riche giftes eake:
And many a scorne they gaue the mother,
But euer they praysed the yong man meeke.

To whome he gaue thankes with all his mighte,
As honesty requyred him to doe:
He ordred himselfe alway aright,
Yet they thought all he should haue woe.
For he was matched so ywys,
That he could not wante for sorrow in fay,
But alway hampred withouten misse,
Of mother and daughter, for euer and aye.

When all was done they gan depart,
And tooke their leaue full friendly thoe:
Thanking ech other with all their harte,
And on their way home they gan go.

The father and mother thanked them all,
The bryde and brydegrome, also without mis,
Did thanke the company in generall,
Departing from them with ioy and blisse.

Then they went home while it was day,
And lefte the bryde and brydegrome there,
And they that did abide there in good fay,
They made at euen agayne good cheare.
And after supper they did make good sporte,
With dauncing and springing as was the vse:
Yong people by other there did resorte,
To no mans hynder nor confuse.

After that all sportes were ended and done,
And that the bryde should goe to bed,
Aboute the hall they daunced soone,
And suddaynly away the bryde was led,
To take her rest with her dere spouse,
As reason would it should so be:
Euen as the cat, was wonte with the mouse,
To play, forsoth euen so did he.

The next morning if that ye will heare,
The mother did come to their bedsyde,
Demaunding them what was their cheare,
And the bryde began her head to hyde.

Saying to her as one ashamed,
I wys deare mother I would ye were gone:
Or ye came heare I was not blamed,
For being in his armes heare all alone.

Myne own deare daughter, be not displeased
Though I doe let you of your disport:
I would be loath ye were diseased,
But you shall haue a cawdell for your comforte.
A while I will goe and let you alone,
Till ye be ready for to ryse.
And sodaynely the mother was from them gone
To make the cawdell after the best wise.

When that the mother departed was,
The dallyed togither and had good game,
He hit her awry; she cryed alas!
What doe ye man, hold vp for shame.
I will sweete wife, then gan he say,
Fulfill your mynde, both loud and still:
But ye be able I sweare in fay,
In all sportes to abide my will.

And they wrestled, so long beforne,
That this they had, for their greate meade:
Both shyrt and smock was all to torne,
That their vprysyng had no speede.

But yet the mother came agayne,
And sayd to her daughter, how doest thou nowe?
Mary mother, betwene vs twayne,
Our shyrtes be torne, I make God auowe.

By Gods dere mother she sware than,
This order with vs may not continue:
I will no more lye by this man,
For he doth me brast both vayne and sinew.
Nay, nay, deare mother, this world goeth on wheeles,
By sweete Saynt George ye may me trowe:
He lyeth kicking with his heeles,
That he is like to beare me a blow.

My owne deare daughter if thy smock be asonder,
Another thou shalte haue then by this light:
I pray thee hartely doe thou not wonder,
For so was I dealt with the fyrst night.
That I by thy father lay, by the roode,
And I doe thee, with wordes playne:
Me thought neuer night to me so good,
As that same was, when I tooke such payne.

Why mother were ye then glad
To be thus delt with as I am now?
Me thinke my husband worse then mad,
For he doth exceede, I make God auow;

I could not lye still, nor no rest take,
Of all this night, beleue ye me:
Sometime on my syde, and sometime on my backe,
He rolde and layd me, so mote I thee.

And from the beds head vnto the beds feete,
A cloth we had not, vs for to decke,
Neyther our couerlet, nor yet our sheete,
That I pray God the deuell him checke.
For I am ashamed, my mother deare,
Of this nightes rest, by God in throne:
Before our friendes I dare not appeare,
Would to Gods passion, I had layne alone.

Nay, nay, deare daughter, be not ashamed,
For here is nothing done amis:
They be more worthy to be blamed,
That hereof thinketh shame y wys.
For this is honesty for thee and vs all,
And a new smock I will thee fet:
And eke for thee my sonne I shall,
For thy true laboure a new shyrte get.

And soone of these, they were both sped,
The daughter and eake the sonne also:
Full quickly they rose out of their bed,
And with their mother they gan go

V. 550. *mote I thee—so must I tell thee.*

Abroade, among their friendes all,
Which bid them good lucke, and eake good grace:,
The cawdell was ready there in the hall,
With myrth and glee for their solace.

Thus ended the feast with sporte and play,
And all their friendes each with other:
Did take their leaue and went their way,
From bryde, and brydegrome, with father and mother;
Which right hartely did thanke them tho,
So did the bryde, and brydegrome eke:
Yet when the friendes were all ago,
This yong folke abode with the mother all the weeke.

The father was glad to see them agree,
So was the mother, by heauen queene:
And sayd eche to other, so mote I thee,
I thought not so well it should haue beene
Betweene them twayne as itis now;
And therefore alone here shall they bide:
We will leaue them all, I make God auowe,
And go to dwell in our house harde beside.

At shorte conclusyon they went their way,
Leuing their children all that was there:
And come not agayne of many a day,
For their deare daughter to inquere.

Thus they bode together than;
He set vp his shop with haberdash ware,
As one that would be a thriuing man,
To get great goods for his welfare.

And after that he tooke greate payne,
To order his plowes and cattell also:
He kepte both boye and also swayne,
That to the carte and plow did goe.
And some kepte neate, and some kept sheepe,
Some did one thing, some did another,
But when they came home to haue their meate,
The wife played the deuell then, like her mother.

With countenaunce grim, and wordes smart,
She gaue them meate, and bad them brast:
The pore folke that come from plow and carte,
Of her lewde wordes they were agast.
Saying eche to other, what dame is this?
The deuill I trow hath brought vs here:
Our mayster shall know it by heauens blisse,
That we will not serue him another yeare.

The good man was fourth in the towne abroade,
About other thinges, I you say,
When he came homewarde he met with a goade,
One of his carters was going away;

To whome he sayde: Lob, whether goest thou?
The carter spyde his master than,
And sayd to him, I make God auow,
No longer with thy wife abide I can.

Mayster, he sayd, by Gods blist,
Our dame is the deuell, thou mayst me beleeue:
If thou haue sought her, thou haste not miste,
Of one that full often thee shall greeue.
By God a man thou canst not haue
To go to carte, ne yet to plow:
Neyther boy, nor yet knaue,
By Gods deare mother I make God auow,

That will bide with thee day or night,
Our dame is not for vs, for she doth curse:
When we shall eate or drinke with right,
She bannes and frownes, that we be all the worse.
We be not vsed where euer we wende,
To be sorely looked on, for eating of our meat:
The deuell I trow vs to thee send,
God helpe vs a better maystres to get.

Come on thy way Lob, and turne agayne,
Go home with me and all shall be well:
An oxe for my meyny shall be slayne,
And the hyde at the market I will sell.

Upon this together home they went,
The good man was angry in his minde:
But yet to his wife, with good intent,
He sayd, sweete heart, you be vnkinde.

Entreate our meyny well alway,
And geue them meate and drinke ynough:
For they get our liuing euery day,
And theirs also, at carte and plough.
Therefore I would that they should haue
Meate and drinke to their behoue:
For, my sweete wife, so God me saue,
Ye will doe so, if ye me loue.

Gyue them what thou wilt, I doe not care,
By day nor night, man, beleeue thou me:
What euer they haue, or how they fare,
I pray God euell mote they thee.
And specially that horeson that doth complayne,
I will quite him once if euer I liue,
I will dash the knaue vpon the brayne,
That euer after it shall him greeue.

What! my deare wife, forshame, be still,
This is a payne such wordes to heare:
We can not alwayes haue our will,
Though that we were a kinges pere.

For to shame a knaue what can they get?—
Thou arte as lewde for God as they:
And therefore shalt thou serue them of meate,
And drinke also, from hence alway.

What! wife, ye be to blame,
To speake to me thus in this wise:
If we should striue, folke woud speake shame,
Therefore be still in mine aduise.
I am loth with you to striue,
For ought that you shall doe or say:
I sweare to Christ, wife, by my liue,
I had rather take Morell, and ryde my way,

To seeke mine aduenture till your moode be past:
I say to you these manners be not good,
Therefore I pray you that this be the last,
Of your furious anger that semeth so wood.
What can it auayle you me for to greeue,
That loueth you so well as I doe mine harte?
By my trouth, wife, you may me beleeue,
Such toyes as these be, would make vs both smarte.

Smarte in the twenty fayning deuelles name!
That liste me once well for to see:
I pray God geue the euell shame,
What shouldest thou be, werte not for me?

A ragge on thine a—se thou shouldest not haue,
Excepte my friendes had geuen it thee:
Therefore I tell thee well, thou drunken knaue,
Thou arte not he that shall rule me.

O, good wife, cease and let this ouerpasse,
For all your great anger and hye wordes eake,
I am mine owne selfe euen as I was,
And to you will be louing, and also meeke.
But if ye should doe thus, as ye doe begin,
It may not continue no time ywys:
I would not let for kyth nor kin,
To make you mend, all thinges that is amys.

Make me! mary out vpon the dreuill,
Sayest thou that, wilte thou beginne?
I pray God and our lady, that a foule euill
Lyghten vpon thee and all thy kinne.
By Gods deare blest, vex me no more,
For if thou doe thou shalte repente;
I haue yet somewhat for thee in store:
And with that a staffe in her hand she hent.

At him full soone then she let flee,
And whorled about her as it had bene a man:
Her husband then was fayne perdy
To voyde her stroake, and goe his way than.

V. 703. *dreuill*—Qu. *devil?*

By Gods deare mother, then gan she sweare,
From henceforth I will make thee bow;
For I will trim thee in thy geare,
Or else I would I were cald a sow.

Fye on all wretches that be like thee,
In word or worke both lowde and still,
I sweare by him that made man free,
Of me thou shalte not haue thy will.
Now nor neuer, I tell thee playne,
For I will haue golde and riches ynow,
When thou shalte goe iagged as a simple swain,
With whip in hande at carte and plough.

Of that, my deare wife, I take no scorne,
For many a goodman with minde and harte
Hath gone to plough and carte beforne
My tyme y wys, with payne and smarte,
Which now be rich, and haue good at will,
Being at home, and make good cheare;
And there they intend to leade their life still,
Till our Lord doe sende for them heare.

But now I must ryde a little way,
Deare wife, I will come right soone agayne:
Appoynt our dinner, I you pray,
For I doe take on me great payne.

I doe my best, I sweare by my life,
To order you like a woman y wys;
And yet it cannot be withouten strife,
Through your lewde tongue, by heauens blisse.

Ryde to the deuell, and to his dame,
I would I should thee neuer see;
I pray God send thee mickle shame,
In any place, where euer thou be.
Thou wouldest fayne the mayster play,
But thou shalte not, by God I make thee sure:
I sweare I will thy peticote pay,
That long with me thou shalte not endure.

¶ *How the good man rode his way till he thoughte her anger was past, and then he retourned home agayne.*

The good man was sorry, and wente his way
About his busynes, as he was vsed,
And to himselfe thus gan he say:
Lord God, how was I thus abused!
When I tooke this wife I was worse then mad,
And yet can I blame my selfe and none other,
Which maketh me sigh and often be sad,
Repenting full sore by Gods deare mother.

Fye vpon goods withouten pleasure,
Betweene man and wife that cannot agree;
It is a payne far passing measure,
Such stryfe to see where as loue should be.
For there was neuer man y wys
So hampred with one wife as I am now,
Wherefore I thinke withouten misse
She shall repent it, I make God auow.

Except she turne and change her minde,
And eake her conditions euerichone,
She shall fynde me to her so vnkinde,
That I shall her coyle both backe and bone,
And make her blew and also blacke,
That she shall grone agayne for woe;
I will make her bones all to cracke,
Without that she her condicions forgoe.

I was neuer so vexte this time beforne
As I am now of this wife alone;
A vengeaunce on her that euer she was borne,
For she maketh me often full woe begon:
And I cannot tell where me to tourne
Nor me to wende, by God in faye,
Which cause me often for to mourne,
Or yet to know what for to say.

I am worse then mad or wood,
And yet I am loth with her to begin;
I feare me I shall neuer make her good,
Except I do wrap her in black Morels skin,
That can no more drawe at plough ne carte;
It shall be to late to call for her kinne,
When she beginneth once for to smarte,
For little ease thereby she shall winne.

Morell is olde, he can labour no more,
Nor doe no good but alway eate;
I trowe I haue kept him thus long in store,
To worke a charme that shall be feate.
The horeson is blynde and lame also,
Behynde and before, he cannot stere;
When he from the stable to the streete should go,
He falleth downe ryght than in the myre.

Yet I am loth him for to kyll,
For he hath done me good seruice or nowe;
But if my wyfe fulfyll not my wyll,
I must him flea, by God I trowe.
But at thys poynt nowe will I be,
I wyll be mayster, as it is reason,
And make her subiect vnto me,
For she must learne a newe lesson.

Her father did warne me of this beforne,
How I should it finde in euery degree,
But I did take it for halfe a scorne,
And would not beleeue him then perdee.
But now I perceaue it very well
He did it for good will y wis;
Wherefore I thinke that Morels fell
Must mend all thing that is amis.

Thus he that will not beleeue his friend,
As her deare father was vnto me,
He is worthy for to fynde
Alway greate payne and misery.
But I may not choose him to beleeue,
For the deede doth proue himselfe in fay;
Euer she is redy me for to greeue,
And thinkes to continue so alway.

But now I will home to proue her minde,
And see what welcome I shall haue;
She may be to me so vnkinde
That she shall repent it, so God me saue:
For if I should of her complayne,
Folke would me mock, and giue me scorne,
And say, I were worthy of this payne,
Because it was shewed me so well beforne.

¶ How the goodman was welcommed when he retourned home agayne.

THE good man came ryding to the gate,
And knocked as he had bene wode;
His seruaunt right soone did meete him thereat,
And bid him welcome with right milde moode.
The mayster sayd, what doth my dame now,
Is she as frantick yet as she was?
Than will I tame her, I make God auow,
And make her sing full loude alas.

Where arte thou, wife? shall I haue any meate,
Or am I not so welcome vnto thee,
That at my commaundement I shall ought get,
I pray thee hartely soone tell thou me.
If thou doe not serue me, and that anon,
I shall thee shew mine anger y wis:
I sweare by God, and by Saynt John,
Thy bones will I swaddle, so haue I blisse.

Forth she came, as brym a bore,
And like a dog she rated him than,
Saying thus: I set no store
By thee, thou wretch, thou arte no man:

V. 847. Qu. *as* omitted.

Get thee hence out of my sight,
For meate nor drinke thou gettest none here;
I sweare to thee by Mary bright,
Of me thou gettest here no good cheare.

Well, wyfe, he sayd, thou doste me compell
To doe that thing that I were loath:
If I bereaue Morell of his old fell,
Thou shalte repente it by the fayth now goath.
For I see well that it will no better be,
But in it thou must, after the new guyse:
It had bene better, so mote I thee,
That thou haddest not begon this enterpryse.

¶ How the good man caused Morell to be slayn, and the hide salted, to lay his wife therein to sleepe.

Now will I begin my wife to tame,
That all the world shall it know;
I would be loth her for to shame,
Though she do not care, ye may me trow:
Yet will I her honesty regard,
And it preserue, where euer ye may,
But Morell, that is in yonder yarde,
His hyde therefore he must leese in fay.

And so he commaunded anon
To slea old Morell, his great horse;
And flea him then the skin from the bone,
To wrap it about his wiues white coarse.
Also he commaunded of a byrchen tree
Roddes to be made a good great heape;
And sware by deare God in Trinity,
His wife in his seller shold skip and leape.

The hyde must be salted, then he sayd eake,
Bycause I would not haue it stinke;
I hope herewith she will be meeke,
For this I trow will make her shrinke,
And bow at my pleasure, when I her bed,
And obay my commaundements both loude and still;
Or else I will make her body bleede,
And with sharp roddes beate her my fill.

Anon with that to her he gan to call;
She bid abide in the diuelles name;
I will not come what so befall,
Sit still with sorrow and mickle shame.
Thou shalte not rule me as pleaseth thee,
I will well thou know by Gods deare mother,
But thou shalt be ruled alway by me,
And I will be mayster, and none other.

Wilte thou be mayster, deare wife, in fay?
Then must we wrestle for the best game;
If thou it win, then may I say,
That I haue done my selfe greate shame.
But fyrst I will make thee sweate good Jone,
Redde blood euen to the heeles adowne,
And lappe thee in Morels skin alone,
That the blood shall be seene euen from the crowne.

Sayest thou me that, thou wretched knaue?
It were better thou haddest me neuer seene;
I sweare to thee, so God me saue,
With my nayles I will scratch out both thine eyen,
And therefore thinke not to touch me once,
For by the masse if thou begin that,
Thou shalte be handled for the nonce,
That all thy braynes on the ground shall squat.

Why then there is no remedy I see,
But needes I must doe euen as I thought,
Seing it will none other wise be,
I will thee not spare, by God that me bought;
For now I am set thee for to charme,
And make thee meeke by Gods might,
Or else with roddes, while thou arte warme,
I shall thee scourge with reason and right.

¶ Now good Morels skin,
Receibe my curst wife in.

¶ How the curst wife in Morels skin lay,
Because she would not her husband obay.

Now will I my sweete wife trim,
According as she deserueth to me:
I sweare by God, and by Saynt Sim,
With byrchen roddes well beate shall she be,
And after that in Morels salte skin
I will her lay, and full faste binde,
That all her friendes, and eake her kyn,
Shall her long seeke or they her fynde.

Then he her met, and to her gan say,
How sayest thou, wife, wilte thou be mayster yet?
She sware by Gods body, and by that day,
And sodaynly with her fyst she did him hit,
And defyed him dreuill at euery worde,
Saying, precious horesone, what doest thou thinke,
I set not by thee a stinking t—de,
Thou shalt get of me neyther meate nor drinke.

V. 931. *dreuill*—See ante, p. 203.

Sayest thou me that wyfe? quoth he than;
With that in his armes he gan her catche,
Streyght to the seller with her he ran,
And fastened the dore with locke and latche,
And threwe the key downe him besyde,
Askyng her than if she would obay?
Than she sayde nay, for all thy pryde,
But she was mayster, and would abyde alway.

Then, quoth he, we must make a fraye,
And with that her cloths he gan to teare.
Out vpon thee, horesone, than she did saye,
Wilte thou robbe me of all my geare?
It cost thee naught, thou arrant theefe:
And quickly she gat hym by the heade,
With that she sayde, God giue thee a mischiefe,
And them that fed thee fyrst with breade.

They wrestled togyther thus they two,
So long that the clothes asunder went,
And to the grounde he threwe her tho,
That cleane from the backe her smock he rent.
In euery hand a rod he gate,
And layd vpon her a right good pace;
Asking of her what game was that,
And she cryed out horeson, alas! alas!

What wilte thou doe, wilte thou kill me?
I haue made thee a man of nought:
Thou shalte repente it, by Gods pitty,
That euer this deede thou haste y wrought.
I care not for that, dame, he did say,
Thou shalt giue ouer or we departe
The maystership all, or all this day
I will not cease to make thee smarte.

Euer he layde on, and euer she did crye,
Alas! alas! that euer I was borne;
Out vpon thee, murderer, I thee defye,
Thou hast my white skin, and my body all to torne:
Leaue of betyme, I counsayle thee.
Nay, by God, dame, I saye not so yet,
I sweare to thee, by Mary so free,
We begyn but nowe, this is the first fyt.

Once agayne we must daunce about,
And then thou shalt reast in Morels skyn;
He gaue her than so many a great cloute,
That on the grounde the bloud was seene.
Within a whyle, he cryed newe roddes, newe!
With that she cryed full loude alas!
Daunce yet about, dame, thou came not where it grewe,
And sodainely with that in a sowne she was.

He spyed that, and vp he her hente,
And wrang her harde then by the nose:
With her to Morels skin straight he wente,
And therein full faste he did her close.
Within a while she did reuiue,
Through the grose salte that did her smarte;
She thought she should neuer haue gone on liue
Out of Morels skin, so sore is her harte.

When she did spy that therein she lay,
Out of her wit she was full nye,
And to her husband then did she say,
How canst thou doe this vilany?
Nay, how sayest thou, thou cursed wife,
In this foule skin I will thee keepe
During the time of all thy life,
Therein for euer to wayle and weepe.

With that her moode began to sinke,
And sayd, deare husband, for grace I call;
For I shall neuer sleepe nor winke
Till I get your loue, whatso befall;
And I will neuer to you offend,
In no maner of wise, of all my lyue;
Nor to doe nothing that may pretend
To displease you with my wittes fyue.

For father, nor mother, whatsoeuer they say,
I will not anger you, by God in throne;
But glad will your commaundementes obay,
In presence of people, and eake alone.—
Well, on that condicion thou shalt haue
Grace, and fayre bed to reste thy body in
But if thou rage more, so God me saue,
I will wrap thee agayne in Morels skin.

Then he tooke her out in his armes twayne,
And beheld her so pitteously with blood arayed:
How thinkest thou, wife, shall we agayne
Haue such businesse more? to her he sayd.
She aunswered nay, my husband deare,
Whyle I you know, and you know me,
Your commaundementes I will, both far and neare,
Fulfill alway in euery degree.

Well then, I promise thee, by God, euen now,
Betweene thee and mee shall neuer be strife;
If thou to my commaundementes quickly bow,
I will thee cherish all the dayes of my life.
In bed she was layde, and healed full soone,
As fayre and cleare as she was beforne;
What he her bid was quickly done,
To be dilligent y wys she tooke no scorne.

Then was he glad, and thought in his minde,
Now haue I done my selfe great good,
And her also, we shall it finde,
Though I haue shed parte of her blood;
For as me thinke she will be meeke,
Therefore I will her father and mother
Byd to guest, now the next weeke,
And of our neighbours many other.

¶ Howe the good man did byd her father and mother to guest, and many of his neyghbours, that they might see his wiues pacyence.

Great payne he made his wife to take,
Agaynst the day that they should come;
Of them was none that there did lack,
I dare wel say vnto my doome.
Ye, father and mother, and neighbours all,
Dyd thether come to make good cheare;
Soone they were set in generall,
The wyfe was dilligent as did appeare.

Father and mother was welcome then,
And so were they all in good fay:
The husband sate there like a man,
The wyfe did serue them all that day;

The good man commaunded what he would haue,
The wyfe was quick at hand.
What now! thought the mother, this arrant knaue
Is mayster as I vnderstand.

What may this meane, then she gan thinke,
That my daughter so dilligent is;
Now can I nother eate nor drinke,
Till I it know by heauen blisse.
When her daughter came agayne
To serue at the borde, as her husband bad,
The mother stared with her eyen twayne,
Euen as one that had ben mad.

All the folke that at the boord sate,
Did her behold then euerichone;
The mother from the boord her gate,
Following her daughter, and that anone,
And in the kitching she her fand,
Saying vnto her in this wise:
Daughter, thou shalte well vnderstand,
I did not teach thee after this guyse.

A, good mother, ye say full well,
All thinges with me is not as ye weene,
If ye had bene in Morels fell
As well as I, it should be seene.

V. 1067. *fand—found.*

In Morels fell! what deuill is that?
Mary, mother, I will it you show;
But beware that you come not thereat,
Lest you your selfe then doe beshrew.

Come downe now in this seller so deepe,
And Morels skin there shall you see,
With many a rod that hath made me to weepe,
When the blood ranne downe fast by my knee.
The mother this beheld, and cryed out alas!
And ran out of the seller as she had bene wood;
She came to the table where the company was,
And sayd, out, horeson, I will see thy harte blood.

Peace, good mother, or so haue I blisse,
Ye must daunce else as dyd my wyfe,
And in Morels skin lye, that well salted is,
Which you should repent all the dayes of your lyfe.
All they that were there held with the yong man,
And sayd, he dyd well in euery maner degree:
Whan dynner was done, they departed all than,
The mother no lenger durst there be.

The father abode last, and was full glad,
And gaue his children his blessyng ywys,
Saying, the yong man full well done had,
And merely departed wythouten mys.

This yong man was glad ye may be sure,
That he had brought hys wyfe to this;
God gyue vs all grace in rest to indure,
And hereafter to come vnto his blisse.

Thus was Morell flayne out of his skin,
To charme a shrew, so haue I blisse;
Forgeue the yongman if he did sin,
But I thinke he did nothing amisse,
He did all thing euen for the best,
As was well prooued then;
God saue our wiues from Morels nest,
I pray you say all, Amen.

Thus endeth the iest of Morels skin,
Where the curst wife was lapped in;
Because she was of a shrewde leere,
Thus was she serued in this maner.

FINIS, QUOTH MAYSTER CHARME HER.

He that can charme a shrewde wyfe
Better than thus,
Let him come to me, and fetch ten pound,
And a golden purse.

THE END.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.

GLOSSARY.

Abede, *vol.* 1, *p.* 21, *l.* 374, *remained.*
Abject, *v. to cast away.*
Aby, *abide.*
Abye, *to suffer for.*
Adradde, *afraid.*
Aduouterers, *adulterers.*
Ago, *gone away.*
Algate, *always.*
Ameaunt, *adamant?*
Anowe, *now, presently.*
Apayde, *contented.*
Arizhte? *vol.* 1, *p.* 166, *l.* 129.
Assaye, *attack, to make trial.*
Assoyle, *absolve.*
Astire? *vol.* 2. *p.* 78, *l.* 629.
Atent, *vol.* 1, *p.* 187, *l.* 617, *intervention?*
Atwin, *asunder.*

Auayle, *profit.*
Aye, *always.*
Auysed, *looked at, viewed.*
Bales, *vol.* 1, *p.* 177, *l.* 379, *miseries.* Bales bredd, *wretchedness complete.*
Band, *execrate.*
Bannes, *curses.*
Barme, *lap.*
Bast, *kist?* from the Fr. *baiser.*
Basynet, *a helmet,* made in the form of a basin.
Bate, *debate, quarrel.*
Battes, *clubs.*
Beheast, *promise.*
Behoue, *use.*
Belde, *protection, refuge, resource.*
Beshrew, *let ill luck come to.*
Besette evyll, *not accomplished.*
Bestadde, *circumstanced, situated.*
Bewpeer, *companion.*
Birder, *bird-catcher.*
Ble, *colour*
Blo, *livid.*
Blyne, *stop, cease, hesitate.*
Blyue, *quickly.*
Borowe, *v. to redeem.*
Borrow, sub. *pledge, surety.*
Bote, *remedy, advantage.*

Botte, *bitten.*

Bought, *vol.* 1, *p.* 6, *l.* 33, *redeemed.*

Burdon, *vol.* 1, *p.* 97, *l.* 494, *a pilgrim's staff.* Fr.

Bousy, *vol.* 2, *p.* 48, *l.* 960, *drunken.* This and the six following lines are canting rhymes, in vogue with the rogues of the 16th century, and are to be found in Dekker's "English Villanies pressed to death," &c. 4to. b. l. where the words are given as an exercise for students in the slang dialect to be reduced into intelligible language.

Bowne, *prepared.*

Braste, *to break.—broken, burst.*

Brathe, *vol.* 1, *p.* 165, *l.* 108, *broad?*

Brayde, A. Sax. *blow.*

Brede, *breadth.*

Breme, or brym, *vol.* 1, *p.* 165, *l.* 108, *fierce, furious.*

Brenned, *burned.*

Brere, *briar.*

Buskes, *bushes.*

Busked, *made ready.*

Byne, *vol.* 1, *p.* 12, *l.* 160, *binne? a manger.* Phillips' World of Words.

Callets, *trulls.*

Can, *began.*

Caple, *a horse.*

Carfull, *sorrowful.*

Carkes, *anxiety.*

Cesse, *to invest.*
Chare, *chariot.*
Chese, *vol.* 1, *p.* 174, *l.* 312, *arrived at.*
Chestayn, *chesnut.*
Chylde, *a youth not yet dubbed a knight.*
Clypping, *embracing.*
Comberous, *burdensome, troublesome.*
Confrary, *brother,* or *sisterhood.*
Conjcct, *contrive, guess.*
Coyle, *trouble.*
Crake, *to talk loudly.*
Crakynge, *boasting.*
Crest, *increase.*
Dease, *the raised floor at the upper end of the hall, usual in ancient dwellings.*
Deme, *doom.—to judge.*
Dene, *vol.* 1, *p.* 84, *l.* 169, *a valley; vol.* 1, *p.* 24, *l.* 461, *a noun of quantity.—done.*
Denay, *refuse.*
Dere, sub. *distress, hurt.* v. *to injure, harm.*
Dole, *alms, gift.*
Dout, *fear.*
Dre'ill, *vol.* 2, *p.* 203, 213, *l.* 703 and 931, *driveller?* Jamieson's Etymol. Dict.
Drough, *drew.*
Dydderyng, *vol.* 2, *p.* 10, *l.* 34, *shivering.*
Dyghte, *prepared.*

Dynt, *stroke.*
Ende, A. Sax. *part.*
Er, *before.*
Erst, *before.* It is sometimes redundant.
Eschewe, *avoid.*
Euerychone, *each one.*
Exigent, *extremity.*
Falwyd, *failed.*
Fare, *to go, to speed.*
Faye, *faith.*
Fayne, *glad.*
Feate, *neat, clever.*
Fell, adj. *cruel,* sub. *a skin.*
Femynie, *female sex.*
Fere, *together, in company;* also *a husband, wife, companion.*
Ferly, *strange.*
Fet, *fetched.*
Flemed, *banished.*
Flo, *flay.*
Flome, *river.*
Flowches ?
Flyt, *to move quickly.*
Fode, *man, woman,* or *child,* according to the person addressed, or spoken of: it also signifies *food.*
Fonde, *try.*
Fonne, fone, *foes.*

Forbode, *forbidden.*
Forlaine, *vol.* 1, *p.* 150, *l.* 861, *lain with.*
Forlore, *forlorn.*
Forthought, *vol.* 1, *p.* 13, *l.* 183, *grieved.*
Forthy, *therefore, for that.*
Foster, *forrester.*
Frayne, *to enquire.* A. Sax. Fṗæġnan.
Fyllok, *a wanton girl.*
Fyt, *part, division.*
Gabbe, *prate.*
Geason, *scarce.*
Gente, *neat, pretty.*
Genyfenyes? *vol.* 2, *p.* 47, *l.* 944.
Gib, *hunter, a hound,* or *hunting dog.*
Gillots, *harlots.*
Glavour, *to look dissatisfied.*
Glose, *flatter.*
Grame, *in pain, affliction.*
Greted, *increased in size.*
Greue, *grove.*
Grome, *man, male.*
Glytte, *glided,* as the motion of a sword.
Gynne, v. *begin;* sub. *artifice, craft, engine.*
Haile, *pleasure.*
Halowe, *saint, holy person.*
Haskerde, *vol.* 2, *p.* 33, *l.* 599, *dirty fellow?* From the Scotch *hasky.*

Mene, *bemoan, lament.*
Meschaunt, *wicked.*
Messe, *wrong.*
Mete, *fit.*
Mew, sub. *cage, inclosure;* v. *to confine.*
Meyne, *attendants, a multitude.*
Micher, *a lazy, loitering fellow.*
Mistrowe, *mistrust.*
Mode, *state of mind;* also *wrath, anger.*
Molde, *earth.*
Mote, *may, must;* ‘ so mote I the,’ *so may I thrive.*
Mountenaunce, *space, distance.*
Mynt, *aimed.*
Mysse, *suspicion.*
Napry, *table linen.*
Neate, *cattle.*
Nome, *taken, took.*
Nones, *for the purpose, on the occasion.*
Norsis, *nurses.*
Olyphant, *elephant.*
Or, *before.*
Overthwart, *perverse, contrary.*
Ought, *owned, owed.*
Pardoner, *a seller of the pope's indulgences.*
Pautenere, *a purse.*
Percase, *perchance.*
Perdie, Fr. *par dieu, by God.*

Pere, *equal.*
Pight, *stuck, fixed.*
Porall, Fr. *pouraille*, Roquefort Glossaire Roman- *poor people.*
Postee, *power.*
Poulle, *strip.*
Prees, *throng, multitude.*
Preest, *ready.*
Presed, *crowded.*
Prime, *morning, the first quarter of the artificial day.*
Pryckynge, *riding.*
Pthe, *thrive.*
Pylled, *stripped.*
Quyte, *requite.*
Raches, *dogs.*
Randowne, *at random, with violence.*
Rath, *soon, early.*
Raught, *reached, snatched.*
Rayed, *arrayed.*
Rede, *advice, counsel.*
Remeue, *remove.*
Rewe, sub. *a rank*; v. *to lament, pity.*
Riue, *plentiful.*
Rode, *the cross.*
Rought, *cared.*
Rufflers, *a cant word for notorious villains.*

Rynde, v. *to destroy.* See Jamieson's Etymol. Dict. where it is rendered *to dissolve,* or *melt;* sub. *skin.*
Ryve, *arrive.*
Sawes, *speeches, sayings.*
Scathe, *mischief.*
Scome, *to produce scum,* or *froth.*
Scrall, *crawl.* Jamieson's Etymol. Dict.
Seased, *yielded, seised.*
Selcowgh, *strange.*
Sely, *simple.*
Sendale, *silk.*
Serve, *to behave.*
Shente, *ruined, destroyed.*
Shone, *shoes.*
Shore, *vol.* 1, *p.* 82, *l.* 127, *divided, cut.*
Shryue, *act of confession.*
Shyll, *shrill.*
Skell, *reason.*
Slo, *slay.*
Sloon, *slain.*
Slouches, *clowns, slovens.*
Smert, *vol.* 1, *p.* 178, *l.* 389, *smarting?*
Snell, *nimble, quick.*
Snudgynge, *lying in idleness.*
Sondes, *message, a messenger.*
Sounde, *swoon.*
Sothely, *truly.*

Soothed, *true.*
Spedde, *fulfilled.*
Sprent, *leaped, sprung?* Jamieson's Etymol. Dict.
Spyll, *destroy.*
Spyttell, *hospital.*
Stalworth, *stout.*
Stede, *place.*
Stere, *stir.*
Sterte, *rose up.*
Steven, *sound, voice.*
Store, *stout.*
Stounde, *a space of time.*
Stoure, sub. *battle;* adj. *strong.*
Strene, *kindred, stock.*
Suffysaunce, *sufficiency.*
Surry, *Syria.*
Swaddle, *to beat, to cudgel.*
Swarmed, *climbed.*
Swere, *neck.*
Swythe, *swiftly.*
Sybbe, *akin.*
Syth, *oftentimes.*
Tanne, *beaten.*
Tede, *time.*
Teld, A. Sax. *tent,* or *covering;* hence *tilt.*
Tene, *vol.* 1, *p.* 19, *l.* 336, *grief, anger, provocation.*
Terement, *funeral.*

The, *thrive.*
Tho, *then.*
Thro, *in agony.*
Thryft, *prudence, discretion.*
Tinde, *vol.* 1, *p.* 50, *l.* 1073, *tooth?* from the Islandic *tinne.*
Trappour, *horse cloths for parade.*
Trauers, *thwart.*
Trow, *believe.*
Twey, *two.*
Unseke, *healthy.*
Untyl, *unto.*
Ure, *hazard, toil, fortune.*
Ventayle, *vizor.*
Verament, *truly.*
Vysenamy, *physiognomy.*
Ware, *cautious, aware.*
Warne, *spare, refuse, prevent, hinder.*
Wax, *to grow.*
Wedde, *pledge.*
Wede, *armour, clothing.*
Weld, *govern, manage.*
Wende, *believed.*
Wene, v. *to believe, imagine;* sub. *doubt, supposition.*
Wenne, *expectation?* From the A. Sax. *wen, wena.*
Went, *turn.*
Wenynge, *supposing.*
Werch, *work.*

West, *knew.*
Wete, *to know.*
Wetyng, *knowledge.*
Whete, *promise.*
Wone, *home.*
Wonne, v. *to dwell, inhabit.*
Wodde, *wood.*
Wode, *angry, mad.*
Wote, *know.*
Wray, *betray.*
Wreke, *revenge.*
Wrot, *written.*
Wyght, *strong, powerful, brave.*
Wysshe, *shew?* also the perfect tense of *wash.*
Wyste, *knew.*
Wyte, *vol.* 1, *p.* 9, *l.* 87, *know.*
Yare, *ready, nimble.*
Yede, *went, knew.*
Yemen, *yeomen.*
Yere,
Yerning, *eager.*
Yeue, *give.*
Ylke, *same.*
Yyng, *young.*
Yongthe, *youth.*
Yore, *for years.*
Ywys, *I trow, I know.*

FINIS.

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